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# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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## Poetry.

### THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that paisies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the tolling saints, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows His wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now:
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't some body step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

### THE CAPTAIN'S SECRET.

There was bay upon his forehead,
There was glory in his name!
He had led his country's cohorts
Through the crimson field of fame;
Yet from his breast at midnight,
When the throng had ceased to cheer,
He took a faded blossom
And kissed it with a tear.
A little faded violet,
A bloom of withered hue;
But more than fame
Or loud acclaim
He prized its faded blue.

We have all a hidden story
Of a day more bright and dear:
We may hide it with our laughter—
It will haunt us with a tear.
And we've all some little keepsake
Where no eye can ever mark,
And like the great commander,
We kiss it in the dark.
A little faded violet,
Perchance a loop of gold,
A gift of love
We prize above
All that the earth can hold.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

### MARCH.

Yonder trees with bared arms are beating back
The chill winds from their tender buds.
Not alone the beech and willow,
But the oak—the naked, lusty oak—
Fairly shrieks its vain defiance to the invader—
All unmindful that soon within their leafy branches
The mother bird will their example follow
And defend her nest and nestlings
Against a real or fancied foe.
The pall too soon will come the sultry, breathless days,
When leaves will droop in prayer
For winds and rain to come again.
There will be answer, and there will speed
An uninvited visitor who will strip away their raiment.
Then will come the dreary winter days and nights of cold,
And then the slow awakening,
And once again the beating back of the winds of March—
Another year has rounded.
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Miscellany.

### MARCH MOON AND EASTER.

**The Important Part the Moon Plays in Matters Clerical.**

The moon in March plays a very important part in matters clerical, for Easter, the great church festival, depends upon the full moon following the vernal equinox, the Sunday next succeeding that phase being Easter. The ecclesiastical calendar, which is adopted in all the Catholic and most of the Protestant countries of Europe, is regulated partly by the solar and partly by the lunar year, a circumstance which gives rise to the distinction between the movable and immovable feasts. Far back in the days of long ago, disputes arose among the Christians respecting the proper time of celebrating Easter. The Jews celebrated Passover on the 14th day of the first month; that is to say, the lunar month of which the fourteenth day falls on, or next follows, the day of the vernal equinox. Most Christian sects agreed that Easter should be celebrated on a Sunday. Others followed the example of the Jews, and adhered to the fourteenth of the month; but these, as usually happened to the minority, were accounted heretics, and received the appellation of Quartodecimans.

In order to terminate dissensions, which produced both scandal and schism in the church, the council of Nice, which was held in the year 325, ordained that the celebration of Easter should thenceforth always take place on the Sunday which immediately follows the full moon that happens upon or next after the day of the vernal equinox. Should the fourteenth of the moon, which is regarded as the day of full moon, happen on a Sunday, the celebration of Easter was deferred to the Sunday following, in order to avoid concurrence with the Jews and the above-mentioned heretics. The observance of this rule renders it necessary to reconcile three periods, which have no common measure; namely, the week, the lunar month and the solar year; and as this can only be done approximately and within certain limits, the determination of Easter is an affair of considerable nicety and complication.

The moon is of additional interest to people in the extreme west portion of North America, the Pacific Ocean, and Eastern Asia, as it undergoes a partial eclipse on the 21st, during which about one-quarter of its disk is hidden. There will be two eclipses of the moon this year, and the second, which occurs about the middle of September, will be visible to us, and, although only a partial eclipse, it will be well worth watching.—New York Times.

### ANTIQUE MAIDENS.

Wanted—For adoption, a child; one still possessed of a father preferred. Address: Old Maid.—Hallo.

He—Would you prefer to marry a widower or a bachelor?

She—Oh, yes, indeed!—Truth.

"Miss Ansiente is just like a loaded gun."

Why?"

"She's made up to kill."—Hallo.

"No, I haven't the faintest idea of her age."

"I thought you had been friends since childhood?"

"That's just why I am so uncertain. You see, ten years ago she was eighteen."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Miss Ballet—Is this one of the machines that tells your age when you drop a nickel in the slot?"

"Yes, sometimes."

Miss Ballet—"Is it out of order now?"

"No, but it only registers up to sixty."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### UNATTUNED SOULS.

Tramers—I regard my wife's piano-playing fad as a joke. You ought to do the same with your wife's.

Framers—Tramers, you have never heard my wife play?—Chicago Record.

"You look pale this morning."

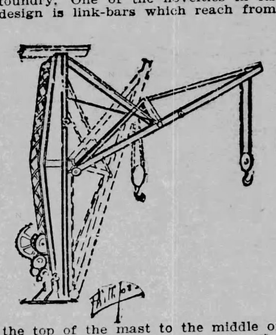
"Yes," replied the young man; "I feel very much out of condition. You see, there's a girl living in our house who practices her vocal lesson continually, and I guess I've gotten high C sick."—Washington Star.

### SOMETHING NEW IN JIB CRANES.

**Improvements Giving a Great Hoist and Large Clearance.**

In the construction of big engines and many kinds of heavy machinery it is desirable to shift a great mass of metal from one position to another. For this purpose cranes of various types are used. One of these types, which has several subdivisions, is known as the jib-crane. Such a device consists principally of an upright mast, pivoted so as to turn readily, and a projecting boom, to which the tackle is attached.

An improved crane of this class was erected a few weeks ago in a Chicago foundry. One of the novelties in its design is link-bars which reach from



the top of the mast to the middle of the girder-like boom, supporting the latter; and another is the rack and pinion wherewith the inner end of the boom is worked up and down. By this means the horizontal reach of the crane (as shown by the solid lines in our diagram) is effected without supports from below, and the boom therefore swings clear of objects underneath. Dotted lines indicate the extreme inward position of the girder—that is, when the inner end of the latter is depressed as far as possible. It is claimed that the plan here adopted gives the largest possible hoist for a given height of mast. An electric motor operates both the rack and pinion, and hoisting chains; and the movement is described as remarkably smooth.

### KEEP A LAUGHING FACE.

**Smiles Are Better Than Tears for Every Human Purpose.**

Some of us like to complain of this world, and the spot we are destined to occupy in it. Things are not just as we want them, nor as we feel they should be for us. But we overlook the fact that the particular spot in this world which we are given to occupy is, and will be, precisely as we choose to make it.

Whether we do right or wrong, whether we are happy or otherwise, depends very largely, if not entirely, on ourselves. Each of us makes his or her own surroundings, says the Ladies' Home Journal. We have all experienced the feeling of brightness which a sunshiny woman brings with her wherever she goes. She may have just as many worries to bear, just as many anxieties to carry, but she overcomes them largely by a bright and sunny disposition. At all events, she does not show them and make others unhappy.

In nine cases out of ten our mood will be reflected in some one else. Few people, however burdened, can resist a hearty laugh, a joyous smile that lights up a face and seems to make a soul radiant. A laughing face is one of the most contagious things in life, and spreads germs far and wide. We are not all capable of laughing in the face of trouble or adversity, but we can, at least, make an attempt, and even if the laugh lacks the ring of heartiness it is infinitely better than the frown or sigh.

Any kind of a laugh or smile is better than a sorrowful look or an anxious face. People flee from a person who always looks sad.

### BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

One of woman's greatest charms is the beauty of her hands, members which are truly adorable when their smallness are combined with other indications of fine breeding, but even if

HAND OF MRS. CORA BELLE ELLIOTT HOWES.

they are large they may still be beautiful if they are shapely, finely made and white, with blue veins, taper fingers and rosy nails slightly arched. The women of North America have the smallest hands in the world, and next to them come the Austrian, Spanish, French and Italian ladies. Those of the fair Spaniard, however, are spoiled by coarse fingers, rounded at the top. Russians have long, but beautifully formed hands. The hands of the English woman of rank are aristocratically shaped, but they are long, and sometimes too dry. The French grande dame takes the best care of her hands all the world over. Germans are generally endowed with large flat ones, with enormous fingers. A beautiful hand is that of Mrs. Cora Belle Elliott Howes, of New York. It is very small, delicately formed, with taper fingers curved a little at the extremities.

### WHAT IS A WIFE?

**The Teacher Accepted One Definition, but Didn't Take Warning.**

The pretty school teacher, for a little divertisement, had asked her class for the best definition of "wife," and the boy in the corner had promptly responded, "A rib."

She looked at him reproachfully, and nodded to the boy with the dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

"Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the nod.

"The helpmeet," put in a little flaxen-haired girl.

"One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.

"And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty, dark-eyed girl said slowly:

"A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion.

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop right there," said the pretty school teacher. "That's the best definition."

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:

"Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

**Explained.**

He—There goes Lardvalue, of the Yale team: I wonder what he wants with that key?

She (glancing at his hair)—For his Yale lock, of course!—University Courier.

### PUT YOUR HEAD TO THE ENGINE

**A Sleeping Car Porter Tells How Old Travelers Sleep on the Cars.**

"How will you have your feet?" the porter asked in a Wagner car coming from Buffalo.

"Feet to the engine," said the passengers, who was a writer for the New York Sun.

"If you travel much you'll have your head put next to the engine," said the colored man.

"No," said the passenger, "I'm afraid there might be a collision, and then I'd be thrown with all my weight against my head." The porter chuckled.

"I beg pardon, boss," said he, "but I notice dat all de railroad men has their heads put toward de engine—and all the commercial travelers also. The biggest arguments is in favor of doing that way. In the first place, there ain't many head-on collisions. There's more danger of a rear-end collision. The reason is that every passenger train has its own right of way, and runs regularly every night, and is looked out for by all the trains that's running ahead of it. Therefore the most danger is from something behind which don't know when we have stopped or broke something, and which runs into us unexpectedly. There ain't any one looking out for any kind of collisions, 'cause when they come it matters mighty little which end you're putting forward—your head or your feet—but if you insist on looking out for 'em from behind—I'm a-teiling you."

"Any more arguments?"

"Got plenty more arguments, boss. You don't want to sleep with your feet toward the engine, because if you do the draught through the car blows right agin your head, and when it gets cold at night your head and chest are exposed. Put your head toward the engine and you feel cool without gitting in no draught. It's just the same way in summer. If you sleep with your feet toward the engine you can't have your windows open, with the screen in 'em, without getting the wind and fine dust right in your face, whereas if you sleep with your head to the engine you get the cool air and no draught and dust."

"Is that all you know?"

"No, boss; I hain't told you the biggest argument yet why you should have your head made up toward the locomotive. The most serious thing of all is the circulation of the blood in your body. You been having your feet made up toward the engine, eh? Well, I reckon you don't never sleep very well in the cars, do you? Your night's res' is usually broken, ain't it? Well, sir, lemme make up your head to the engine an' you'll sleep like you was a baby. Dat's because the motion of the train is so strong and steady that it sends all your blood toward the end that's farthest from the engine. Put your feet to the engine and all your blood rushes straight to your head and gives you a restless night. Put your head to the engine and the blood goes away from your head, leaving it cool and easy so as you can res' like a child."

"Put my head toward the engine and stop talking, will you?"

"Yes, sir; all right, sir; anything you say, sir. You won't gredge me dat quarter in the morning, I'm a-tellin' you."

(A lapse of half an hour. Then a voice from between curtains. It addresses the porter.)

"Solomon; Diogenes, porter! Any arguments as to what part of the train is the safest?"

"There aren't no use of arguments 'bout dat, sir. The safest place on a train is the middle of the middle car on the side furthest from the other track."

"Good night, Cicero."

### FOUR SHORT ONES.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockford, Va., battery was standing awaiting orders. General Lee approached and stopped a moment.

A dirty-faced driver of about 17 said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source, addressed to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee.

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer answered kindly, "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar to me somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir; I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob!"

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military Institute.

**A Warning.**

Perhaps the poorest opinion of music as a vocation is attributed to a certain excellent master builder in an Eastern city. This man has sent his son to college, where teh young man excelled in musical accomplishments.

In the course of time he announced to his father his intention to become a musician.

The father objected vehemently. The son begged and at last was affected to tears, declaring that he should never be happy in any other calling. This melted the father's heart, and he exclaimed:

"All right, do as you like—but don't ron ever come around grinding your organ in front of my house!"

**Cruelty to Animals.**

Two little girls, whose father was an earnest member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were taken to a menagerie by a visiting aunt. When they returned their father said:

"I hope you didn't see any cruelty to the poor beasts?"

"Oh, yes, papa," said the older girl, "there was one case of it."

"What was it?"

"Why, the lion-tamer put his head right in the lion's mouth—"

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, you could see, just as plainly as could be, that the horrid man had hair oil on his head."

**His Way.**

It is often amusing to see how a man's vocation colors his form of speech. This is especially noticeable with sailors.

A young Cape God captain attended a social gathering and was induced to join in the dance, a fact which called forth some exclamations of surprise from his shrer mates.

"Oh, I didn't dance," he said; "I only jest cruised around a little."

**Footsore Fagin's Latest Idea.**

When the cook opened the door to the timid knock of the peripatetic without, she found him meekly waiting.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you an old Sunday school book about the house I could take?"

The cook was knocked plumb speechless.

"A Sunday school book?" she gasped.

"Yes, miss," he replied.

"What in the name of goodness do you want with that?"

"You see, miss, it's this way," he said by explanation. "When I was a little boy and read the story of Jonah swallowing the whale, I used to have some doubts about it. Here lately, though, I've got so holler myself that I kinder thought I'd like to read it over again, and see if it wasn't a good deal easier to believe."

"What a dandy you are," exclaimed the cook, looking him over carefully. "Come in here by the fire and I'll fill you up to the neck."—Detroit Free Press.

**Another Objection.**

Mr. Tubbs—We have decided to employ you, Mr. Rather, at a salary of seven thousand dollars per annum.

Mr. Rather—I'm sorry that I shall have to refuse your kind offer unless you consent to pay me less.

Mr. Tubbs (astonished)—W—w—why?

Mr. Rather—I don't want to pay any income tax.—Hallo.

**A Poor Opinion of Poets.**

Auburner—Take this book back, Parson! I never did think much of poets!

Chaplain—I don't see anything in this poetry to offend you.

Auburner—Why, the old chap writes: "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!" Either he's a professional falsifier or he's an ignoramus who has never been here!—Hallo.

### NEW THINGS IN BONNETS.

Hats and bonnets are assuming an air of importance which is quite new, for there is a perceptible revolution in their apparent size. In the hand they look much larger than when on the head. There is said to be a tendency toward the early Victorian form, when they were carried down behind the ear, almost meeting under the chin, but thus far the inclination to droop in this peculiar fashion is very slight and very becoming to many faces. The shapes fit the head

closely and come down at the back, giving ample room for the winged bows, which continue to increase in size so that eventually the rest of the bonnet must sink into insignificance beside this towering bow. Prince of Wales plumes stand up on many of the models, and some of the bonnets are vandyked at the edge with guipure lace.

Strong contrasting colors are used in millinery. A pretty bonnet is made of beaded black satin, bordered with a cord of sequins and finished with a black satin bow and jet ornaments on the crown.

Chip hats, large in shape, are to be much worn, and roses set close together are fastened under the brim. Some of the crowns are surrounded by ostrich tips turned outward or upstanding bows, so that they seem to be sunk below the trimming. The latest color in millinery is pink apricot.

### TWO PRETTY FROCKS.

Here are two uncommonly pretty frocks for children, both being of foreign make. The first can be made in velveteen or cloth, the front and sleeves being of crepon in a lighter or brighter shade, with trimmings of Russian embroidery or fancy galon. Brown cloth, with front and sleeves

of dull old rose, make a pretty combination; and a mixture of petunia and heliotrope is becoming to very fair-haired girls. At the back the epaulette frills form a round collar and the light portion defines a yoke.

The second frock is intended for a child's party or dance. It is of pink Pongee silk, with figured net laid on to form borders. the bodice is lined only as far as the waist, and the lining is close-fitting, and the silk fulled on and drawn in under a ribbon belt.

### A MINUTE WITH THE WITS.

A man does not necessarily take high ground when he uses a little bluff.—Lowell Courier.

A merchant never counts himself as surefooted until he has footed his bills.—Glens Falls Republican.

Teacher—"What is a tangent? You may answer, James."

James—"A gent who runs a tan yard."—Grip.

Teacher—"I don't suppose any one of the little boys here has ever seen a whale."

Boy (at the foot of the class)—"No, sir, but I've felt one."—Brooklyn Life.

A country minister in a certain locality took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church, because one of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations are mouldy fruit and worm-eaten apples, and by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye can not come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."—Ram's Horn.

Fagg—"Whose quotation is this—Two hearts beat as one'?"

Wagg—"First used by an advance agent for the Siamese twins, wasn't it?"—Washington News.

"What a dry preacher Dr. Sixthly is," exclaimed Mrs. Snaggs, on her way home from church.

"Still he never dries up," replied Mr. Snaggs.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"I dropped a penny in front of a blind beggar to-day to see if he'd pick it up."

"Well, did he?"

"No. He said, 'Make it a sixpence, mister, and I'll forget myself.'"—Tit-Bits.

"De old marster what I had befoah de wah was a gennerman," remarked old Mose to another relic of antebellum days. "You bet dar was high tonel gennermans in dose days," his friend replied.

"Now you's talkin'. I remember how time and again de ole marster kicked me off de front steps, and a minit arterward he had done plum forgot all about it. Der ain't no moah sich gennermans nowadays."—Exchange.

### THE TIE THAT BINDS.

"How do you know he's engaged?"

"He stopped wearing his scarf-pin with the point exposed."—Truth.

Ted—How did he come out of his dilemma in regard to those two girls?

Ned—He decided to love the poor one and marry the rich one.—Judge.

"Why have you asked Mr. Harrington to be best man at our wedding? He is anything but handsome, you know!"

"True; but then he has been my second in two duels, you see."—Puck.

Gus De Smith—Why do you and your girl go so much to the Grand Central Depot? I see you there every day.

Charlie Knickerbocker—I'll let you into the secret, but please don't give it away. In the depot we can kiss each other as much as we please, because the people standing around suppose one of us is going off on the train. If we were to kiss each other anywhere else we would be arrested. Great scheme, isn't it?—Texas Siftings.

**A Hint.**

Eddie—Aunty, didn't you say you doted on me?

Aunty—Yes, dear.

Eddie—Well, aunty, if you should take me out and buy me some candy and it should turn out to be poisoned, then you'd be my sant-dote, wouldn't you?—Judge.

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# THE LONE INN

## By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN IN PARIS.

Having made up my mind what course to pursue, I returned to Marshminster, took leave of my relatives, and left that evening for London. There I remained two days reviewing the strange events in which I had lately been an actor. At one moment it was in my mind to abandon what certainly seemed to be a hopeless search, for I could not but see it was a matter of great difficulty to lay my hand on the assassin of Francis. It would be better I thought to place the matter in the hands of the police, and let them thrash it out for themselves. Two reasons prevented my taking this ignoble course.

One was that Francis Briarfield had been a college friend, and I was unwilling that his death should go unavenged. The story of his love for Olivia which he had told me at the inn contained the elements of a strange romance, fitly capped by his tragic end. I felt certain that Felix through his hired bravo—for I could call Strent by no other name—had encompassed the death of his brother. Felix was passionately in love with Olivia, and the unexpected return of Francis not only threatened to take her away from him, but also to reveal the scoundrelly fashion in which he had behaved. At one blow Felix would lose her love and respect, therefore his motive for averting such a catastrophe was a strong one. That he should determine on fratricide was a terrible thought, but there was no other course left to him by which to secure the woman he loved, and the respect he valued. It was the mad action of a weak, passionate man as such as I knew Felix to be. Too cowardly himself to strike the fatal blow, he had hired Strent to carry out his plans, and the death had been duly accomplished, though in what way I was quite unable to say. It was sufficient for me to know that Francis was dead, and I felt myself called upon to avenge his death.

The other motive was perhaps the stronger one of detective fever. I was a bachelor, I had a good income and nothing to do, therefore this quest was one of great interest to me. I had often hunted beasts, but this man hunt was a much more powerful incentive to excitement. I could hardly sleep for thinking of the case, and was constantly engaged in piecing together the puzzle. As yet I had no clear clue to follow, but the first thing to be settled was the identity of Felix at Marshminster with that of Felix at Paris. Once I established that point, and proved conclusively that Felix had never left England I would be in a position to prosecute the search in the neighborhood of Marshminster.

I own that there was an additional reason in the pique I felt at the scornful disbelief of Olivia. She evidently considered my story pure fiction, and the strange disappearance of the corpse from the inn confirmed her in this belief. Irritated by such contempt I was resolved to bring home the crime to Felix, and to prove conclusively to her that he was masquerading as her lover the dead Francis. It would be a cruel blow when assured of the truth, but it was better that she should suffer temporary pain to dragging out a life-long agony chained to a man whom I knew to be a profligate, a liar, and a murderer.

At the end of two days I confirmed myself in the resolution to hunt down the criminal, and decided as the first step to go to Paris. Leaving Victoria by the night mail I arrived in the French capital next morning. Anxious to lose no further time I hastened at once to the Hotel des Etranges, in Rue de St. Honore, and there took up my quarters. Recovered from the fatigues of the journey I partook of luncheon, and then made inquiries about Felix Briarfield. To my surprise I not only discovered that he was in Paris, but that he was in the hotel at that moment.

"Has he been staying here for any length of time?" I asked the manager.

"For six weeks, Monsieur, and now talks of going to Italy," was the astonishing reply.

To say that I was surprised would give but a faint idea of what I felt. That the assertion of Olivia should thus prove true was almost impossible of belief. If Felix were here and had been here for the past six weeks it could not possibly be he whom I had met at Marshminster. Assuming this to be the case, who was the man of The Fen Inn who called himself Francis. My head was whirling with the endeavor to grapple with these thoughts. Suddenly an idea flashed into my brain which might possibly account for the mystery.

"Can it be," thought I, "that it was Felix whom I met at the inn? Felix who tried to pass himself off as Francis, and then invented that lying story. Perhaps he was not dead, as I thought, but merely plunged into a trance. When he revived, seeing the uselessness of fighting with Francis, he fled back to Paris."

All this time I stared hard at the manager. In reality I was puzzling out the mystery, and not paying any attention to the man before me. He, however, grew weary under my regard, and moved uneasily.

"Mr. Briarfield is now in his room, monsieur. Shall I take to him your card?"

"If you please," I answered mechanically, and handed it to him. In a few moments a waiter came with a message, stating that Mr. Briarfield would be glad to see me. I followed the man in a state of the utmost bewilderment, and found myself in the presence of Felix before I knew what to say or do. He was so like Francis, whom I thought was lying dead at the Fen Inn, so like the man who passed as Olivia's lover, that for the moment I could do nothing but stare at him. Yet he could be neither of the two, for one was dead, and the other I had left behind at Marshminster.

"How are you Denham?" he said, somewhat surprised at my strange conduct. "And why do you stare so steadily at me?"

"Are you Felix Briarfield?" I gasped out.

"As you see," he answered, raising his eyebrows; "surely you know me well enough to dispense with so foolish a question."

"And your brother?"

"He is at Marshminster, I believe, with Miss Bellin, to whom he is engaged. Why do you ask so strange a question?"

I sat down on the sofa and buried my face in my hands. Either I was out of my mind or the victim of some horrible hallucination. I certainly had met Francis at the inn ,and beheld him dead under its roof. As surely had I seen the man I believed to be Felix at Marshminster. Yet here in Paris I beheld an individual who was neither the dead friend nor the living lover, and he called himself Felix Briarfield.

"I must be mad! I must be mad!" was all I could say for the moment.

"What is the matter Denham?" asked Briarfield, touching my shoulder. "Are you ill?"

For answer I seized first one hand and then the other. On neither appeared the least scratch. Yet the man whom I believed to be Francis had a ragged wound on the right hand. My theory of a trance vanished into thin air at this proof that the men were distinct. Astounded by my action, Felix drew back in some alarm.

"How strangely you act, Denham," he said, uneasily. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Do you think I am mad?" I asked, irritably.

"Your action just now was scarcely the act of a sane person. Why did you examine my hands?"

"To see if they were cut in any way."

He turned the palms of his hands toward me, and shook his head with a slight laugh.

"You see," he said, smiling, "they are absolutely free from cut or wound. Why do you expect them to be marred?"

I made no reply, but passed my hand across my brow. The situation in which I found myself was so strange and embarrassing that I did not know how to proceed. In the presence of facts I could not but admit that my story would sound but a wild invention.

"Come, Denham," said Briarfield, soothingly, "you are doubtless in some trouble, and have come to me for help and advice. I'll give both to the best of my ability."

"I want neither," I muttered, in a low voice; "but if you will answer some questions I wish to ask, you will oblige me greatly."

Briarfield drew back with a queer look in his eyes as if he thought my madness were increasing. However, he overcame the dread my actions apparently caused him, and answered civilly enough.

"Certainly if it will do you any good. What is it you wish to know?"

"Were you in England within the last seven days?"

"No! I have not been in England for at least six weeks."

"Do you know the Fen Inn?"

"Never heard of it in all my life."

"Are you acquainted with a girl named Rosa Strent?"

"I don't even know her name?"

"When did your brother Francis return to England from South America?"

"Three months ago."

"Have you seen him since his return?"

"Frequently in London, but he is now, I believe, at Marshminster."

"Do you know he is engaged to Miss Bellin?"

"Of course I do," said Briarfield; "the marriage takes place shortly, and I am to be the best man—that is, if I return in time."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm going to Italy to-morrow," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders, "and it is just—possible that I may prolong my tour to the East. In that case I may be absent from England for at least six months or more. During that time Francis will doubtless marry Olivia, and I shall not be able to be at the wedding."

"You have not been to England within the last six weeks, you don't know the Fen Inn, nor of the existence of Rose Strent," I summed up; "then I am the victim of some extraordinary hallucination."

"You are very extraordinary altogether," retorted Briarfield; "now I have answered your questions, pray answer mine. Why do you ask all these things?"

"It is a strange story, and one which you will scarcely believe."

"Let me hear it."

Thus adjured, I told the story of my adventure at the inn, but suppressed all mention of the belief I then entertained that the brothers had changed names. He listened attentively and eyed me with some concern. At the conclusion of the narrative he considered for a few moments before making any reply.

"I hardly know what to say," he said at length. "Your story is very circumstantial, yet you must have been deceived by the chance resemblance."

"I swear that the man I met at the Fen Inn was your brother Francis."

"How can that be when Francis was at Bellin Hall, and Olivia said he had not been out of the house. Besides you say that the man whom you believe to be Francis was murdered, yet you left Francis alive and well at Marshminster."

"I thought Francis was you."

"Ah! Deceived by our resemblance, no doubt."

"Yes, I think so." I replied, not wishing to tell him of my suspicions.

"Well, you see you made a mistake! Francis is at Marshminster, and I am here, I suppose," he added jokingly. "You are quite convinced that I am Felix?"

"I was convinced the other man was Francis."

"Great heavens, man, you surely don't doubt that I am Felix Briarfield?" he cried, irritably, rising to his feet."

"I don't! I can't!"

"Perhaps you thought it was I whom you met at the inn?"

"No! because the man I met at the inn is dead. Besides he had a wound on his right hand, and you have not."

"It's a queer business altogether," said Briarfield, walking to and fro. "I can not but agree with your idea of hallucination."

"I tell you it is too real for hallucination."

"Then how can you explain it?" he demanded, sharply, passing before me.

"I can't explain it!' I replied helplessly.

"If you had discovered the corpse when you returned to the inn there might be some chance of solving the mystery. But you admit there was no corpse there!"

"Not the vestige of one."

"Then that proves the thing to be hallucination," he said triumphantly. "If the man was murdered who would take the trouble to remove the corpse?"

"Strent might have done so to conceal the evidence of his crime."

"He fled the previous night by your own acknowledgement. The whole thing is ridiculous. If I were you, Denham, I would see a doctor. That brain of yours is in a dangerous state."

"In spite of all you say I am certain it was Francis I met at the inn."

"How can that be, when he whom you met is dead, and Francis is alive? It could not be Francis, and as I have not be out of Paris, it could not have been me."

"Then who was it?"

"Some stranger, no doubt, in whom you saw a facial resemblance to us."

"Impossible!"

"So I think," said Briarfield, significantly; "for my part I think you are subject to delusions. Do not pursue this case, my friend or you may find yourself in a lunatic asylum!"

"Will you come over to Marshminster and help me to solve the mystery?"

"Certainly not, Denham. My plans are all made for Italy, and I go there to-morrow. I certainly don't intend to put them off for such a wild-goose chase as you wish me to indulge in."

I took up my hat and prepared to go. The matter was beyond my comprehension.

"There is nothing for me but to return to England."

"Do!" said Briarfield, in a pitying tone; "and give up following this will-'o-the-wisp."

"It seems hopeless enough."

"Well, so far as I can see, it seems madness. Nothing more or less. My brother Francis is at Marshminster. You see me here, so it is absolutely impossible you could have met either of us at that inn. The more so as the man you met is dead, and we are both alive."

"Yes! Facts are too strong for me," I said holding out my hand. "Good-bye, Briarfield. Many thanks for your kindness; but, oh, mann!" I added, with a burst of bitterness, "what does it all mean?"

"It's hallucination," said Briarfield; "place yourself at once in the hands of a doctor."

### CHAPTER VII.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

After that interview with Felix, I returned forthwith to London. I had accomplished the object of my journey, and did not care about staying longer in Paris. My mind was much perturbed, as I was quite unable to come to any conclusion respecting the episode at the Fen Inn. Beyond all doubt I had proved that Francis was at Marshminster, Felix in Paris. Who, then, was the man whom I had met at the inn. It was impossible that I could be mistaken in the identity of my college friend, yet in the face of such evidence as I had gathered, it was ridiculous to cling to my first impressions. There could not be three brothers exactly alike in personal appearance, and yet I had beheld three men, at the Fen Inn, at Marshminster, and in Paris, who resembled each other in every respect. The more I pondered over the mystery, the deeper did it become, and the more confused grew my brain.

I began to think that I was the victim of some hallucination, as I could explain the matter in no other way. With this idea, which was the only feasible one left to me, I took the advice of Felix, and on my return to town wnt to see Dr. Merrick. He, a specialist on diseases of the brain, listened to my story with great attention, and questioned me closely on all points.

"There is some trickery about this, Mr. Denham," he said, after consideration.

"You do not, then, think my meeting with Francis Briarfield was an hallucination?" I asked eagerly.

"There is no hallucination about you, sir," was the comforting response; "you seem to me as sane and matter-of-fact a person as I have ever met."

"Then, if it is not hallucination, how do you account for my having met three men all exactly alike, when I know there are only two with that special appearance in existence?"

"I think it is trickery," repeated Merrick, nursing his chin; "this is more a case for a detective than for a doctor. Were I you, Mr. Denham, I would employ a good detective and probe the mystery thoroughly. The matter seems miraculous to you now, but I feel sure, when you learn the solution, you will be astonished at its simplicity."

"If I am sane, as you say, and as I believe myself to be, I will thrash out the matter myself."

"Better get a trained man, Mr. Denham. From what you have told me, I see you have to deal with a criminal of no ordinary intelligence. It is an extraordinary case," mused the doctor, "and I do not wonder at the fascination it seems to exercise over you. Were I in your place—"

"Were you in my place?" seeing he hesitated.

"Here am I setting up for a lawyer," said Merrick quaintly. "To tell you the honest truth, Mr. Denham, you have inoculated me with detective fever. I should like to solve this problem myself. Criminal investigation has always been rather a hobby of mine. In my business I meet with some queer experiences. There are more insane people in the world than you think."

"Tell me your ideas, doctor, and I'll carry them out, and report progress."

"Good! I'll be the sleeping partner,' he said, in an amused tone; 'but I warn you, Mr. Denham, that from what I see of this case it will be one of great difficulty, and may take months to work out."

"I don't mind that. It is nothing to an idle man like myself, but I am afraid, Dr. Merrick, I take up your valuable time."

"Oh, I can spare a few minutes," said the doctor quickly. "I work hard enough, so it is permitted to even a professional man to indulge occasionally in some amusement. This case is so to me."

"Well, and your idea?"

"In the first place, I am inclined to agree with your ideas of Felix passing himself off as Francis."

"I have abandoned that idea," said I, dolefully, "I saw Felix in Paris."

"Wait a moment," replied Merrick; "we'll come to that later on. Furthermore, I believe it was Felix that you met at Marshminster. Felix, who called himself Francis, and posed as the lover of Miss Bellin."

"But I saw him in Paris," said I again clinging to that undeniable fact.

"I know you did, but the pretended Francis, of Marshminster, and the real Felix, of Paris, are one and the same person."

"You mean that he followed me, ever," I cried, suddenly enlightened.

"Precisely, and suborned the manager of the Hotel des Etranges to."

"Can't you see?" said Merrick, impatiently. "Felix wants to put a stop to your following up this case. From your story it is quite probable that he killed his brother through Strent. The whole circumstances of that Lone Inn are very suspicious. Your unforeseen arrival at that night complicated matters. You saw how unwilling they were to admit you. Had you not arrived, Francis would have vanished from the world, and none would have been a bit the wiser. But when you came to Bellin hall Felix saw a new source of danger, not only to his character, but to his life. He asked for a night's grace. During that night he went himself to the Fen Inn and hid the corpse in some bog hole."

"Impossible!"

"I'll stake my life that it is so," said Merrick, calmly. "Make inquiries as to the movements of Felix Briarfield on that night, and I'll lay anything you'll find he went to the Fen Inn."

"That, then," said I, "was the reason he was so ready to go there next morning with me."

"Exactly! He knew well, thanks to his forethought, that there was no evidence there to convict him of a crime, and he could still keep up his imposture. So far, all was in his favor, but your obstinacy raised a new danger. You said you would go to Paris and satisfy yourself of the existence of Felix. Now, then you remained two days in London."

"Yes; I was not quite sure whether it was worth while carrying on the matter."

"It was a pity you wasted so much time," said Merrick, "for Felix took advantage of your negligence to slip over to Paris, and lay a trap for you. In plain words, he disappeared from Marshminster as Francis, and re-appeared in Paris as Felix.

"He might have done so! But, don't you think I would have guessed the identity of the one with the other?"

"How could you," said the doctor, "when the twins are alike in every respect? And, moreover, you firmly believed Olivia Bellin's lover was in Marshminster."

"But if I go down at once to Marshminster I'll detect the absence of Felix, and so guess what has taken place."

"If you go down to Marshminster you'll find Felix back again in his old place."

"Then Paris!" I queried, uneasily. I was beginning to see I had been duped.

"You forget Mr. Felix of Paris has gone to Italy and left no address. It's all safe there, and, as he said he was going to the East for six months or so, there will be plenty of time for the pretended Francis to marry Olivia."

"You don't believe that Felix, of Paris, has gone to Italy or the East?"

"Of course not! I believe he arranged all these matters to baffle your prying, and then calmly returned to Marshminster."

"But the manager of the hotel?"

"He is in the pay of Felix. You'll get nothing out of him. Now, I am certain that is the explanation. Are you not surprised at its simplicity?"

"Yes, I am! It is astonishing I never thought of it before."

"Columbus and his egg once again," said Merrick, grimly. "Well, what are you going to do next?"

"To drive to Marshminster, and find out the mov

# STORIES OF WAR TIME

## TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

### From Capt. Robt. Gates, Col. M. L. Littlefield, Major R. M. Flint, Dr. E. T. Billings and Major Doyle.

**Told by Capt. Robert Gates.**

Johnny Clem is the hero of whom I write. When I first saw him in the fall of 1863 he was a drummer in the Twenty-second Michigan, frequently, when there was no drumming to do, carrying the guidon and acting as marker.

At this time he was thirteen, and small enough for his age; indeed, I never before nor since saw such a mite of a boy in uniform and attached to a command that was ready for business.

It was understood that he was an orphan, born in Ohio, and that in some way he drifted off till he fell in with the gallant Michiganders, who fairly idolized him.

The boy must have come of good stock, for he was gentle in his manners, very affectionate, and without any of the self-assumption that is apt to distinguish boys who are thrown much into contact with men.

RAISED THE MUSKET AND FIRED.

At the battle of Chickamauga Johnny Clem lost his guidon, but instead of going to the rear as he was told, he picked up a musket—there were thousands scattered about that awful summer day—and bravely took his place in the ranks.

Johnny's regiment did a good deal of firing lying down that day, and he followed the fashion of his comrades and loaded and fired as rapidly as the best.

Late in the afternoon the regiment fell back to the hill which Thomas made immortal, but Johnny did not hear the order. He was left almost alone in the whirl of the battle, and did not discover his danger till he heard the well-known yells of the enemy about him.

Johnny had his piece loaded, when he sprang to his feet and started to run for the hill, which was now a cone of fire. A mounted Confederate officer, who must have been surprised and amused at sight of this little mite of a soldier in blue, reined in and shouted: "Surrender! you little son of a ——!"

As Johnny looked up he brought his piece to an "order arms," slipped his hand to the hammer, cocked it, and as quickly raised the musket and fired, and the officer reeled and fell from the saddle. The next minute the boy with a hundred others, was scooped up a prisoner, but before he had gone back a hundred yards he was recaptured by his own regiment, as were his companions, and carried up the hill amid ringing cheers.

After the battle General Rosecrans made the boy a sergeant, and he wore the chevrons with as much pride as ever a general felt in his stars. Secretary Chase forwarded him a silver medal, and the boy would have been sent to West Point, but he lacked four years of the legal age.

After this Johnny Clem became an orderly at headquarters, and he performed his duties as well and modestly as when he beat the drum for the Twenty-second Michigan.

He is now, I believe, a captain in the regular army, and it is safe to say he is the youngest veteran in the service.

ROBERT GATES.

**Col. M. S. Littlefield.**

William H. Carney, aged 23, and an unusually intelligent negro, was color sergeant of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, a regiment made up, with the exception of the commissioned officers, of men of his race.

On the 18th of July, 1863, an attempt was made to carry Fort Wagner, near Charleston, by assault. The colored brigade was beaten, but not till it had planted its flags on the walls of the fort, and in the assault and retreat one-half the force was killed or wounded.

Sergeant Carney regarded the colors intrusted to his charge much as one of his ancestors on the Congo regarded his tribal fetish. Disgrace to that would mean unpardonable profanity to him.

The assault began, and when within one hundred yards of Wagner the

BEFORE DE LOR, SAH, I NEBBER LET DAT FLAG TETCH DE GROUND.

man carrying the flag fell, and Sergeant Carney seized it on the instant and dashed forward. He was by the side of the gallant young Colonel Shaw when he leaped the ditch, little thinking that it was so soon to be his grave.

Carney was shot in the head and a bullet passed through his leg below the knee, smashing and tearing it in a horrible way. He succeeded in getting out of the ditch carrying the colors with him.

When our beaten and demoralized forces reached their original lines, they saw a United States flag now and then rising above the swaying sea grass, and as it came nearer and nearer they knew that the man who bore it was creeping.

The firing from Wagner rendered it unsafe for men to venture out. Still nearer and nearer came the colors, now rising, now falling, but never out of sight for long.

At length, out on the road in front of the Union works, the color bearer appeared. He was on one knee, dragging his broken leg after him, and his face was so covered with blood that it was impossible to tell if he was white or black, for the blood of all heroes has the same hue.

Men of his own regiment by this time recognized the flag, which they supposed had been left in the hands of the enemy, and hurrying out, they bore back the sergeant.

It was not till an officer appeared that he could be made to loosen his hold on the flag. Then, weak from torture and loss of blood, he handed the colors to his captain and gasped: "Before de Lor', sah, I nebber let dat flag tetch de ground!"

M. S. LITTLEFIELD.

**Told by Maj. R. M. Flint.**

I have spoken with Confederate and Union soldiers who took part in the desperate battle of Allatoona Pass in Georgia, on the 5th of October, 1864, and all are agreed that for the numbers engaged and the bloody nature of the work, it has no parallel in the history of our war.

Gen. John M. Corse, with about 2,000 men, was pressed in by General French, of Hood's command, with a force estimated at 9,000, all trained and tried veterans.

The hymn "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming," had its origin in this fight. Knowing that Corse was pressed in, Sherman 20 miles away, signalled for the telegraph lines were destroyed, "Can you hold out, help is coming?" To which it is said Corse signalled back the confident but rather profane response, "I'll hold out till h—l freezes over!"

Soon after sunrise the enemy appeared on the hills and in the woods all about the fort, and a flag of truce was sent in by General French demanding by virtue of his superior force, an immediate surrender. Corse replied in effect that he was there to fight, and that he was ready.

At once, six batteries opened on our works and from the encircling lines of men in grey, such a storm of lead was poured in that nothing could stand exposed against it. Young's Texans and Sear's Georgians charged again and again on our works, but the admirable disposition of our men made every effort at dislodgement futile.

The Twelfth Wisconsin battery had exhausted its ammunition, and this when it was most needed. There was an abundance of grape and case shot in a house about a hundred yards outside our lines, but it looked like courting death for any man to traverse the intervening space, swept by the fire of the enemy's vigilant sharp-shooters.

Pointing to the house, and without any thought of exciting any one to make the attempt, General Corse said:

"The ammunition in that building is worth to us its weight in gold; I wish we had some of it here."

On hearing this, a tall young man, a private in the Twelfth Illinois Infantry, stepped out, and saluting said:

"Are we 'bleeged to have the ammunition, Geniral?"

"Yes, but it is work I can order no man on," was the reply.

"No need to order, Geniral," said the soldier, "in such d—d tight times as these we'd orter to be accommodatin'."

Then before a hand or a voice could be raised to stop him, the Illinoisan sprang lightly over the earthwork and ran for the house like a deer.

The act was so sudden that we supposed the enemy could not fire before he was under cover, but we knew they were on the lookout now, and that he would be sure to catch it when he tried to make his way back.

We were in hopes that he would not return, but after a few minutes of serious waiting, we could see the tall form in the door of the house, his arms piled up with something that at the distance looked like stove wood.

The man was too heavily burdened to run on his return. Back he came, and his appearance was the signal for the rattle and roar of musketry from the enemy.

How the man escaped is one of those miracles never seen in these days outside a battle field. He came over the works without a scratch, and as he

THAT AIN'T A VERY BIG MESS.

laid his load of grape and case shot down in the midst of the cheering gunners he said with a drawl:

"That ain't a very big mess of feed for cannon, boys; but as soon as she's used up, I'll go out and git you a lot more rations of the same kind."

R. M. FLINT.

**Told by Gen. T. L. West.**

I have been told that the word "Chickamauga" in the language of the Cherokees, who once owned and lived in that country, means "the river of blood." If this be so, it is certainly very appropriate, for no matter the reason for the aboriginal name, it is no longer a misnomer.

It was Sunday, September 20th, 1863, and the Union army was represented on the field by the Fourteenth corps, and the broken fragments of regiments brigades and even divisions of the wrecked corps of Crittenden and McCook, under the command of that splendid soldier whose ability on this trying occasion saved our cause from irreparable disaster and won for himself the proud name of "the Rock of Chickamauga."

The irregular elevations, the tortuous course of the shallow river, with its red, precipitous banks, and the jungle of black jack and stunted cedars, besides forests of larger growth made it difficult for moving troops to maintain direction, while order in advance or retreat was simply out of the question. To these difficulties should be added the condition of the atmosphere, which kept the mist from the water and the smoke from the burning timber and guns hanging low over the field, and which often brought friend and foe into unexpected collision.

I was with some Wisconsin troops behind extemporized breast works in a dense undergrowth on the left. Twice the enemy under Breckenridge and again, as we understood from prisoners under Polk, also charged on our thin lines and twice were flung back towards the river.

It was still early in the afternoon, and the firing in our front ceased, but it increased in the direction of the hill to the right. We were beginning to feel that we were to have a rest, when suddenly the men lying down in my vicinity, opened again, but I could see no enemy. While I was wondering as to the cause, a voice called out angrily from the clouded woods:

"You d—d fools! Don't you know you are firing on your own men?"

Accompanying this a grey horse leaped into sight from the direction of the enemy, and on his back was a handsome young officer, with grey eyes and the shadow of a coming mustache on his upper lip. I shouted to the men about me not to fire, and then invited the handsome cavalier to come in and be cared for.

Instead of complying with my request, he shortened his hold on the reins with his left hand, waved his hat in his right, and called back:

"You're mighty kind, but I'll see you dead first!"

The next instant he had wheeled, leaped out of sight, and we could hear his horse crashing through the timber.

As soon as our men could recover from this announcement, they fired in the direction taken by the young Confederate. But even till this day it delights me to think that he was not hit.

T. L. WEST.

**Told by Ezra T. Billings.**

Anson Watts was a private in the Eleventh Kentucky Union cavalry. He was of good family in Hardin county, and might have had a commission when the regiment was raised in 1862 had he so inclined, but he chose to serve in the ranks. Watts was well-educated, a good horseman and as brave as they make them.

Watts was captured at Campbell's station in East Tennessee, and had he not been wounded he might have been sent directly on to Belle Isle with two or three hundred men taken in that action by Longstreet's advance in October, 1863.

Like many of the other prisoners, Watts had been despoiled of his boots, hat and tunic, and compelled to attire himself in the grey but dilapidated clothing of his captors.

He was wounded in the head, and, affecting a greater illness than he felt, he was left at the house of a miller named Murdoch, between Ringgold and Tunnel Hill. This man was originally from Ohio, and a cousin of James Murdoch the famous actor, whose union sentiments he shared, though it was prudent to keep them to himself. He had three pretty daughters all good cooks, so that his place was a popular resort for the Confederate officers going between Atlanta and Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge.

Almost from the first, Watts was regarded as a Confederate, but the family knew his secret, and they soon provided him with a good grey uniform. The more his wound improved, the sicker he pretended to be, and he was kept in a room by himself. About a week after reaching Murdoch's a young man from Bragg's army stopped there. He was a Texan named Bell and he had transportation and papers from Gen. Bragg authorizing him to go on to Richmond, and get the endorsement of the war department there to his transfer, on account of ill health, to the command of Gen. Magruder in Texas, where his parents lived.

The young Texan had a burning fever when he reached Murdoch's, and 48 hours afterwards he died. Watts did not make his purpose known to Mr. Murdoch or his family, but they must have understood it. He changed clothes with the dead man, took his papers, and started for Atlanta as Joshua Bell.

He had changed characters from a prisoner of war to a spy, and he knew that detection meant death. He avoided observation as much as possible, but not so much as to excite attention.

When he reached Richmond, he examined his papers, or rather Bell's papers, carefully, and he was shocked to learn that the man whom he represented had an uncle, a colonel in the war department, who was awaiting his arrival, and was ready to help him through.

To meet this man would be disastrous, so he changed his mind, and determined to examine the ground and make his way through as soon as possible to the union lines.

He put up at a retired hotel, where he remained quietly for a week, and then, one stormy night in early November, he started to make his way through to Fortress Monroe.

The story of his adventures on this trying journey would make a most interesting book. At length, after being out ten days and nights, he ran into the union pickets near Williamsburg on the peninsula.

He was taken in as a deserter, but after a time he succeeded in establishing his identity, and was sent on to Washington, from which point he subsequently rejoined his command. Sad to relate he was killed a few months afterwards.

EZRA T. BILLINGS, M. D.

**Told by Maj. J. R. Doyle.**

I think the old Ninth corps did its full share of fighting during the war, and more than its share of traveling. We were with the army of the Potomac, taking an active part in every great battle up to the spring of 1863, when orders came to pack up and go West, though not to carry out Horace Greeley's advice.

In the summer of 1863, one division was sent down to join Grant before Vicksburg, and two divisions under Burnside himself, were sent into Central Kentucky to prepare for the invasion of East Tennessee, then and since the beginning of the war, at the mercy of the enemy.

In November of that year we had forced our way through to Knoxville, but we had hardly reached them when our scouts brought in word that Longstreet, with his whole corps and a large force of cavalry, was pushing north to destroy or capture us.

Burnside, if not a great soldier, was unsurpassed as a corps commander, and never before nor afterwards did he show more ability than in preparing Knoxville for the siege that followed and in keeping Longstreet out.

Fort Saunders, named after a brave soldier who had fallen in this campaign, was the key to our position. The enemy knew this as well as did we, and as a consequence a terrific struggle for its possession took place.

The undergrowth about Fort Saunders had been cut down, and along the ground over which the Confederates must pass in charging, telegraph wires had been interwoven and spread, about six or ten inches from the ground.

The object of this was to throw into confusion the men assaulting the works, and to hold them under the fire of our artillery and riflemen as long as possible.

To clear the way for the assault, Longstreet's guns opened a terrific fire on the fort, the artillery of which was in the command of Capt. Benjamin, who, to my mind, exhibited on this occasion more coolness and nerve than man I ever met.

There was not in either army a more gallant body of men than Longstreet's old corps; this much justice compels me to say. I had seen them in action many a time, but never before did they display such reckless gallantry as distinguished them on this occasion.

On the edge of the timber they formed, as if for review, though our guns began to roar as soon as the grey ranks came in sight.

Over the slashed space with the meshes of telegraph wires, they came in gallant style.

They were evidently unprepared for this kind of obstruction, for they fell in ranks, but only to leap to their feet, slouch their hats, and dash on again, with their levelled bayonets and fierce yells.

At length they poured into the ditch, hoping to force their way through the embrasures, but though the guns could not be fired, they were kept in position, and so blocked the way.

There were only a few hundred men inside the fort, for the space was limited, and the coolest felt that if the enemy could get over the earth wall we would have to surrender or abandon the place.

From the first Captain Benjamin was conspicuous for his coolness. I recall that he smoked cigars all the time. When it was found that the guns could not be depressed so as to reach the men in the ditch, he at once shortened the fuses with his knife, lit them with his cigar, and as fast as he did so, he tossed them over the parapet into the crowded ditch.

This he kept up till voices from the outside shouted: "We surrender!" when the guns were run back and they came in.

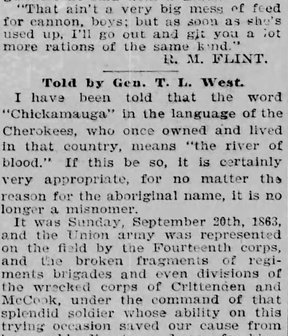
The shells lit by Captain Benjamin were put down so that the fuses burned not more than five seconds, and a slip in throwing one would have meant death. But that young officer kept his cigar going as if he enjoyed it, and hurled the shells as coolly as if throwing ten pins.

JAMES R. DOYLE.


**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's. Before I had taken one bottle I had the use of my arms, thank God. These are facts and can be verified by many persons here. J. M. Colston, Church Creek, supplied me with Hood's. I am pastor of the M. E. church here." C. W. CLAPHAM, Church Creek, Maryland.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists.



*Rev. C. W. Clapham*

A highly esteemed clergyman of the M. E. church, pastor of the Church Creek circuit in Dorchester Co., Maryland, writes: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I feel it a duty to the public to send this certificate. I saw in a Philadelphia paper a letter from a man who had suffered from

**Muscular Rheumatism**

and had been restored by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me, and when away from home I had to sleep in my clothes. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I saw the letter alluded to and determined to try


# The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

**A Glance at the Roster.**

The publication of the Roster of Ohio troops is now completed, and can be found in the hall of every Grand Army post in the state. The first of the eleven large volumes was published in 1886, the last in 1893. The roster contains the record of every soldier that served in the Union armies from Ohio. The state has gone to considerable trouble and expense to accomplish this work, which will certainly be appreciated by every old soldier and loyal citizen of a state that may so well be proud of her war record as Ohio. The name, rank, age, date of muster in and muster out is given, and in the column of "remarks" is given any important event in the soldier's career—where he was killed, wounded or captured, and much other useful and interesting information. A brief history precedes the record of each regiment, giving the place and date of organization, when it left for the front; also a list of the engagements in which it participated. In the back part of each volume is the "roll of honor," giving the date, place, and cause of death and place of burial of each fallen hero.

In the preface is given an interesting summary, showing that the state of Ohio furnished 218 regiments and 1 companies of infantry, 13 regiments and 18 companies of cavalry, one regiment and 27 batteries of light artillery, and two regiments of heavy artillery, making a total of 234 regiments, 29 companies and 27 batteries—an army of 319,659 soldiers, or 240,514 when reduced to a three years' standard. Ohio furnished 5 regiments credited to West Virginia, 2 to Kentucky, 2 transferred to U. S. colored troops, and a large part of the rank and file of the 54th and 55th Massachusetts infantry regiments. The loss sustained by Ohio troops was 11,237 mortally wounded, 6,536 left dead on the field of battle, and 13,354 died of disease; total loss, 31,127. The number who enlisted as veterans was 50,000, and 8,750 had to be raised by draft.

The term of service for which different regiments enlisted ranged from one month to three years or during the war. By far the greater number enlisted under the various three years' calls. Twenty-three regiments were organized in response to President Lincoln's first call for troops to serve for three months. The infantry regiments from the first to the one hundred and twenty-eighth were three year regiments, with the following exceptions: the 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th and 88th were three months' regiments. There were also an 88th regiment in the three years' service, and an 86th regiment in the sixth months' service. There were two 60th regiments—one a three years' regiment and the other a one-year regiment. The 44th infantry was changed to the 8th cavalry. The 109th failed to complete its organization, and its members were transferred to the 113th. The other regiments that failed to complete their organizations were the 112th, 114th, 159th and 190th. The 117th infantry was changed to the 1st Ohio Heavy Artillery. The 127th Ohio Colored was changed to the 5th U. S. Colored.

The 129th was a six months' regiment. From the 130th to the 172d were 100 days regiments. From the 175d to the 198th were one year regiments. The 198th was organized in April, 1865, but only eight companies were raised before the Confederacy collapsed. Several men were recruited for the 200th and 201st regiments, but both failed to complete their organization, as the war was nearly over. The 22d Ohio infantry was organized at St. Louis and was designated the 13th Missouri volunteers. One month regiments, the 6th, 8th and 11th were organized for the defense of Cincinnati against Kirby Smith's threatened invasion in 1862. There were also from Ohio the 5th and 27th Colored troops, 4th and 11th Ohio battalions, and the 1st regiment of sharpshooters.

In the artillery arm of the service were the 1st and 2d batteries Ohio Heavy Artillery. The 1st regiment Ohio Light Artillery consisted of 12 batteries. There were also 26 independent batteries of Light Artillery.

In the cavalry wing of the service, there were 13 regiments, the 4th and 5th independent battalions, and McLaughlin's squadron, besides several independent companies.

The seven infantry regiments, composed of Germans were the 9th, 25 h, 58th, 106th, 107th, 108th and 165th. The Irish regiment was the 10th, usually known as the bloody thith." Its first commander was the poet, General Lytle, of Cincinnati, who fell mortally wounded at Chickamauga.

The 1st and 2d regiments as given in the three months' service have in their list of battles: First Bull Run and Appomattox. Twelve other Ohio organizations were present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House.

The regiment whose campaigns extended over the greatest extent of territory was the 2d Cavalry. It also sustained the heaviest loss of any cavalry regiment from Ohio. It is said that its fallen heroes, buried where they fell, would form a violet-line of patriot graves from the Chesapeake to the Indian Territory. It served in five different armies under 23 general officers, marched 27,000 miles and fought in 93 engagements. The 6th cavalry bore upon its muster rolls 1,758 men, not counting four companies sent to the West. It participated in all the great campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

The 14th infantry regiment was recruited in Toledo in April, 1861, for the threem onths service, re-enlisted for three years and then veteranized. Its first engagement was Wild Cat, Ky., in 1861, its last Goldsboro, N. C., in 1865. It suffered a very severe loss at Chickamauga, where it lost in killed and mortally wounded 81; other wounded, 167. Its total loss in killed and wounded during the war was 526. At the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., several men were killed after their term of service had expired by volunteering to go into the fight. It bore on its muster rolls the names of 1,404 officers and men. Its first colonel was the heroic James B. Steedman, who became a major general and was wounded at Chickamauga while leading his division into battle with a regimental colors in his hand. A magnificent military statue of the brave, old general now adorns the city from which he led the regiment in 1861.

The regiment sustaining the heaviest loss in killed and mortally wounded was the 49th, commanded by the eloquent orator, Gen. William H. Gibson, of Tiffin. Its loss in killed and mortally wounded was 202, or 13.7 per cent. Its total loss was 363. The 21st sustained the highest total loss of any Ohio regiment, 392, and stood fifth in the list of killed and mortally wounded. The 38th, which was organized at Defiance, has also a higher total loss than the 49th, it being 369. The regiment standing second on the list of killed and mortally wounded was the 7th, which was recruited from the Western Reserve. It lost in killed and mortally wounded 184, or 13.4 per cent. The 15th and 41st follow closely with 179 and 176 respectively. The 5th had as high per cent of loss as the 49th, 13.7. The 73d suffered a loss of 13.4 per cent. The regiment sustaining the heaviest loss from disease alone were the 78th, which lost 282 and the 120th, which lost 281, or about 25 per cent, a mortality nearly equal to that of Southern prisons. The 82d lost the most officers in battle of any Ohio regiment. It lost four killed at Chancellorsville and on the first day's fight at Gettysburg on the open ground north of the town while striving to stem the adverse tide of battle it lost 19 out of its 21 officers, six of them killed; its colonel, James S. Robinson, severely wounded, a musket ball passing entirely through his body. He survived his wound, served through the war, and died a year or two ago in Ohio. The 45th lost the highest number of any Ohio regiment in rebel prisons, 134. The 88th lost 108 and the 100th lost 84. The 103d lost the highest number by drowning, 70. They perished by the explosion of the steamer Sultana on the Mississippi river near Memphis, when returning North from Confederate prisons.

At the battle of Perryville, Ky., six color bearers of the 3d regiment were shot down in succession, but the flag was not allowed to touch the ground, so quickly was it grasped by a comrade. Five color bearers of the 41st were shot on the second day at Shiloh, one being the commanded, Col. Wiley, of Wooster, O.

The oldest private in the ranks whose name is found in the roster was Nicholas Gaffett, company C, 7th infantry, age 64. On the rolls of the same regiment I found the name Corporal Herbert M. Smalley, age 15.

The regiment having upon its rolls the greatest array of distinguished names and the names of those destined to achieve greatness in both civil and military life was the 23d. Of its four commanders, two were West Pointers, two rose to the rank of major general, the other two to the rank of brigadier general. Its first colonel, Wm. S. Rosecranz, was appointed to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and was superseded by the greatest general of the war—U. S. Grant. He commanded the Union forces in two of the greatest battles of the war—Stone River and Chickamauga. In civil life he has likewise held high positions—governor of California and register of the Treasury of the United States. Its second colonel, E. P. Scammon, was a graduate of West Point, rose to the rank of brigadier general and commanded the Kenawha Division in the Maryland campaign. Its third colonel, R. B. Hayes, became a brevet major general, was three times governor of Ohio, and President of the United States. Its fourth colonel, James M. Comly, reached the rank of brigadier general and was appointed minister to a foreign country. Its lieutenant colonel, Stanley Matthews, reached the highest judicial position but one—associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States. Robert P. Kennedy, member of Congress from Ohio and colonel of the 196th regiment, was a first lieutenant in the 23d. Upon the rolls of the same regiment is found the name of another distinguished gentleman—one who is known on both sides of the Atlantic—Governor McKinley, of Ohio. He has had a brilliant career in Congress—author of the celebrated McKinley bill, twice governor of Ohio, and probably standard bearer of the Republican party two years hence. His name appears on the roster as "Wm. McKinley, jr., age 18, aid-de-camp and acting assistant adjutant general." His name also appears as 2d lieut. Co. D, 1st lieut. of companies A, E and K, and captain of Co. G.

The rolls of the 23d regiment bear the name of a distinguished American, James A. Garfield, as colonel.

Upon the rolls of the 89th I find "Joseph B. Foraker, age 16, adjutant, appointed from 1st Lieut. Co. A Sept. 11, 1864."

I found also the names of Edwin Booth and Sir Matthew Hale, but it is not likely that the great actor and the celebrated chief justice of Charles and Cromwell's reign fought for the Union in an Ohio regiment.

The column entitled "Remarks" has some interesting entries; some are much fuller than others. We have space for only a few. Wm. Pittenger, Co. G, 2d: "Awarded medal of honor under resolution of Congress, approved July 12, 1862, for special services under General Mitchell."

The "special services" referred to were the capturing of a train on the Atlanta & Chattanooga railroad, near Atlanta, in April, 1862, and the running of the railroad bridges as they sped northward, thus preventing troops and supplies being sent to Chattanooga, while Gen. Mitchell advanced upon the place. The 22 men selected for this daring exploit were taken from the three Ohio regiments—the 2d, 21st and 33d. They succeeded in capturing the train at Big Shanty while the train's crew was at breakfast. After an exciting chase the entire party was captured, when almost to Chattanooga. They are known as the Andrew's raiders, as their leader was James J. Andrews, a noted spy. The old captured engine, "General," was on exhibition in the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, gazed upon by thousands and well nigh carried away by relic hunters.

Andrews and six of the Ohio boys were executed, and are buried in the National cemetery at Chattanooga, where I saw their graves five years ago, and in one of the relic stores I saw the pistol carried by the chief leader. Pittenger made his escape by attacking their guard in broad daylight at Atlanta, and made their way in safety to the Union lines. The others were exchanged in March, 1863. Rev. William Pittenger's story entitled "Daring and Suffering," is one of the most interesting books in our war literature. The following gives the fate of one of the others:

John P. Scott, Co. K, 33d regt.: "Executed by rebels at Atlanta, Ga., June 18, 1862—one of the Andrews raiders."

Upon the roll of the 21st is the following: "H. A. Mcbanard, citizen of Ohio, imprisoned for his loyalty, died in prison at Andersonville, June 28, 1865."

Daniel B. Monroe, Co. A, 62d: "Killed by a rebel comrehead, March 16, 1864. Buried at Zanesville, O."

The following is not an enviable record: Corp. Vincent V. Pack, Co. A, 144th: "Captured Aug. 13, 1864, near Berryville, Va. Enlisted in rebel army Nov. 7, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C."

Charles W. Tunnell, Co. G, 115th: "Shot by bushwhackers while patroling N. & C. railway."

George W. Taylor, 22d Independent battery: "Murdered by guerillas at Barboursville, Ky."

John J. Calvert, Co. K, 77th: "Killed by guard in rebel prison, Tyler, Texas."

Here is one that was good stopping rebel bullets:

William H. Thompson, Co. H, 65th: "Wounded at battle of Stone River, Rocky Face Ridge, Dallas, Ga., Lost Mountain, Ga., Peach Tree Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company."

Benjamin H. Fulkerson, Co. A, 55th: "Prisoner of war; perished by burning of steamer Gen. Lyon, off coast of Cape Hatteras, N. C."

Charles A. Wallbridge, Co. A, 14th: "Murdered at Atlanta, Ga., September 13, 1864."

George W. Armstrong, C. G. 2d cavalry: "Hung by the enemy while on recruiting service in North Carolina."

Captain John Griffith, 11th cavalry: "Frozen to death."

Joseph C. Schofield, Co. K, 30th, age 45: "Died February 17, 1863, at Young's Point, La."

James T. Schofield, Co. K, 30th, age 21: "Died March 2, 1863, at Young's Point, La." Father and son dying in less than two weeks apart.

Adam Glasgow, Co. H, 65th: "Both feet frozen while en route from Wilmington, N. C. to Annapolis, Md."

Samuel Jordon, 5th U. S. Colored: "Hung by rebels at Huntsville, N. C."

John W. Thomas, adjutant 2d infantry: "Captured at battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863; escaped from Libby prison; killed in battle before Atlanta, July 20, 1864."

Jackson A. Ritchie, 2d cavalry: "Died at Camp Quaw Paw, Indian territory."

Lorenz Schmidt, Co. D, 28th: "Died at Indianapolis—suicide."

And thus the sad but interesting record continues.—J. J. Lutz.

**How He Knocked the Reb Down.**

Editor Camp Fire:—I would like to ask if there are any soldiers living who remember an incident that happened while prisoners on the march between Petersburgh and City Point. It was after the battle of Chancellorsville, 1863. While on the march an old man who was very feeble, and could not keep up, and the rebel guard near by ordered him to close up, and the old man not being able, the rebel guard knocked him down with the butt of his musket, when a Yankee soldier grabbed his gun with one hand and knocked the rebel guard down with the other. When the Union boys thought it would be death for the Yankee, they hustled him in among the boys, so the rebs could not tell who did the job.

**Splinters.**

Lieut. Joe, 5th Ind. Cav., asks for news of the old regiment.

Comrade G. W. L., Co. E, 11th Michigan Cav., relates an interesting story of the march through Cumberland mountains in 1863.

Comrade W. J. Herman, 5th Kansas Cav., relates some incidents of the camping on White River, on September 8 and 9, 1862.

Comrade James C. Hughes, Co. H, 17th O. V. I., asks for stories from some of his old comrades.

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*Price, $125.*

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Full description in Columbia catalogue, which is furnished free by Columbia agents, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.

*POPE MFG. CO.,*

Boston. New York. Chicago. Hartford.


# The Farmstead.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**

**Smut on Growing Corn.**

J. P. O., New York: The fungus growth on corn belongs to the family uredines. It will retain its vigor in the ground and affects the stalk of corn. Where it is sure to be spreading, the ground on which the corn is grown should be seeded to some other cereal or grass. After two or three years, if the ground on which the corn that was affected has received a liberal quantity if lime, it will be safe to sow corn again. To be sure that none of this fungus is among the seed, take of sulphate of copper one lb., water two gal., for two bushels of seed. Sprinkle this well on the corn, and sow at once if the weather is fine. If not sprinkle and spread out thinly on a floor, and sow when the conditions are right. Fungus on corn will spread if not attended to. Your cutting of the stalks on which the fungus appeared was a very wise thing. It is a good help in exterminating the disease, but the fungus should be removed from the field and burned.

**Mysterious Death of Three Horses.**

F. W. S., Kansas: The fact that the horses bloated would indicate poison of some kind, or generation of gasses by eating the corn fodder. The eating of the slops of which you speak, if the wheat was free from ergot or smut, would not be dangerous. Are you sure the corn fodder they ate was free from mould? The cause of the death of the horses could only be learned through careful study and examinations of the stomach after death, as well as the condition of food eaten. The suspicion of disease would seem to rest in the fodder, if the wheat in the slops was not tainted in any way. There are two diseases in the West that are now subjects of investigation by the United States government. One is known as the bottom disease. In one year, 1892, 1,800 horses are known to have died of it. It resembles Lupine poisoning in its clinical history and gross pathology. South of the North Platte, in Wyoming. It appears about the time vegetation loses its moisture in the fall. No remedy has as yet been found. There is also a cornstalk disease which so far as can be learned is confined to cattle. Yet it may be found in horses. Malignant influenza would take horses down in the way of which you speak. This is frequently fatal under the most careful treatment. Your veterinarian would have been able to have detected the disease without difficulty. In the case of rupture of the stomach, the diaphragm or midriff is often ruptured by the generation of gases. Treatment for this is of little benefit. The symptoms of [illegible] restlessness, with a perfect loathing of food. The animal breaks out in cold sweats. In such cases linseed tea, starch water and about two ozs. of opium tincture will at times give relief and cure. In case of colic give two ozs. nitrous ether, one oz. tincture of opium in half a pint of water. Repeat in 20 minutes. Rub belly with mustard and water. It is necessary to throw up the fundament; an injection of castils soap and water, and back-rake the animal. As the cause of the disease with which your horses died would require careful investigation of the food they ate, as well as the stable by one who could be present and give personal attention, the editor could not, at this distance, give an intelligent opinion. Disease fatal to horses is, at times, borne in the air. As to the advice of state veterinarians, it should be given free when appropriations have been made by the legislature. The editor cannot say whether or not Kansas has a paid veterinarian, but if you will address a letter to Mohler, secretary of agriculture, Topeka, and mention the Toledo Blade, he will give you full information.

**Tuberculosis.**

W. H. S., West Virginia: Tuberculosis in cattle is similar to that in human beings, caused by bacilli. Bacillus is a rod-like body from one-third to two-thirds the diameter of a red blood corpuscle in length. When the bacillus lodges in any organ it begins to multiply, causing irritation in the tissue around it, which leads to the formation of the so-called tubercle, hence, the general name of the disease, tuberculosis. The tubercle is about the size of a millet seed when it reaches its full growth. Disintegration ensues, and a soft, cheesy substance is formed. When the tubercles multiply, they run together, forming masses of various sizes. In a large number of cases the changes are limited to the lungs and the serous membranes of the thorax and abdomen. Pathologists usually call the lung disease tuberculosis, and the disease of the serous membranes "pearly disease." The brain and spinal cord are occasionally found tuberculous. The disease is found in the udder of cows, and their milk is unfit to use, as it may communicate itself to the one drinking it. When it appears in the udder there is swelling, and the udder becomes quite firm. The swelling gives no pain, and frequently attacks but one quarter, usually the hind quarters. The large milk ducts contain yellowish cheesy particles in which are many tubercles bacilli. Later on large nodules can be found within the udder. The milk, at first normal becomes thin and watery after a month or so. When the lungs are involved, a dull, short cough is noticed. In advanced stages the breath may have a disagreeable oder. The general effect on the body is at first hardly noticeable. As the disease advances, the animal loses flesh, although it may remain in apparently good health for a length of time. There is no known cure for it. An infected animal should be put out of the way at once. The bacillus of tuberculosis was discovered by Dr. Robert Koch in 1882.

**Steers Have a Peculiar Disease.**

W. T. C., Kansas: You describe rheumatism. Was the millet you feed over-ripe when it was cut? If it was or any part of it allowed to run too long before it was cut, this may be a superinducing cause. Is the corn you are feeding free from mould or smut? If not, stop feeding it. There is a disease in the West among cattle known as the "cornstalk disease." In "snapped" corn, or the lower leaves a parasite fungus is supposed to exist, at times, which dwarfs the leaves. When the leaves are eaten, delirium and coma follow. But as you have not been feeding this for some time, the cause of stiffness of your steers cannot be traced to this cause. The fact that they are exposed in an open yard with only a shed to lay in, if the feed is in any way impure or indigestible, the blood may have become vitiated with resultant rheumatism. You are advised to get the steers under shelter, and keep them in an even temperature. Administer to each 1 lb. of Epsom salts in a quart of warm (not hot) water. If there is much pain, give each a dose of 1 oz. laudanum. Dip flannels in hot vinegar in which is stirred a handful of salt to the quart, and wrap around the joints of the legs. Over these flannels wrap dry flannels. As a remedy for the disease, take of sulphur, 1 lb; ginger, 1 oz. Divide into six parts, and give a powder to each animal every day in gruel. The steers must be kept warm until warm weather sets in.

**Growing Cabbages and Onions.**

J. D. L., Michigan:—A sandy loam is the best soil for cabbages. A good sprinkling of lime is required. Spread well-rotted manure broadcast over the land at the rate of 75 tons to the acre. Plow in and harrow thoroughly. The ground must be well pulverized. Plant in rows two feet apart and sixteen inches apart in the rows. Set the plant down to the first leaf and press the ground firmly around it. Set out in spring, as soon as the ground is dry enough to work. In your section April 10 to 15 is usually about the right time, although when the weather is severe, a little later date should be chosen.

As to onions, select a deep loam. In the fall put in twenty cartloads—50 bushels to the load—of well-rotted manure, free from seeds of any kind. Plow deep, and do not harrow in the fall. If ashes are to be used, put on 200 bushels to the acre. Prepare the ground for the seed in the spring, as soon as it is dry. Pulverize thoroughly. Plant seed in drills one inch deep and twelve inches apart. When the plants are up strong, hoe them. Those that are to stand for ripening should be thinned out to the distance of two or three inches from each other. Harvest time comes when the greenness is gone out of the tops. Plant in April. Do not delay longer than the middle of March.

**Quitter in Horse.**

P. A. F., New York: Your horse has quittor, and may be the result of a corn. Take off the shoe, and have the foot examined in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel. Pare the seat of the corn, and poultice the foot for three days. Examine the frog carefully. Clean it well and see if there is a bad odor. Take of calomel, 1-2 oz.; swe

# Talmage's Sermon.

SERMON BY TALMAGE ON INFIDELITY AND SCIENCE.

**Men No Longer Satisfied With Philosophy and Science—Christianity is Making Many New Conquests.**

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on "From Conquest to Conquest," the text being taken from Amos ix. 13, Sunday: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper."

Picture of a tropical clime with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the swarthy husbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched tot he plow preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper." When is that? That is now. That is the day when hardly have you done reaping one harvest before the plowman is getting ready for another.

I know that many declare that Christianity has collapsed, that the Bible is an obsolete book, that the Christian church is on the retreat. I will here and now show that the opposite of that is true.

An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across a desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord! It disgusted the French infidel, and after awhile as the Arab got up from one of his prayers the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" "How do you know," said the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along our tent last night? I know it by the foot prints in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God. Look at that sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I know this book is the footstep of God.

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the church of God is a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens, and haversacks strewing all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and great accuracy, not a clergyman, but at attorney, as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third cetnury, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians; in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000 Christians; in the eighteenth century 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe in only one century, and more than made up in the following celuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians. Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lone one it must be. Who will take it out of the poorhouse? Poor Christianity! Three hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of the year 1881, 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament were distributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,750,000 converts from heathendom. There is not a seacoast on the planet but the banner of the gospel is planted and ready to march on, north, south, east, west. You all know that the chief work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all their work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the sea coasts and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in a day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last ten years as many people have connected themselves with the churches as connected themselves with the churches in the first fifty years of this century.

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go to court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or clerk's desk, I find a bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath?

What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in Brooklyn? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is nearly gone and as there have been more Bibles published in the latter part of the century than in the former part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the next six years? I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy, not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America, and no more Bibles read. If there are forty million grown people in the United States, there would be forty million people in an army to put down such an act.

Then you notice a more significant fact, if you have talked with people on the subject, that they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house. They tell you, when they are sick and the door of the future seems opening, the only comfort they could find was in the Gospel. People have demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solace the troubles and woes of the world, and they want some other religion, and they are taking Christianity, the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world. You just take your scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children. That is your "survival of the fittest." Go to that dying man and tell him to pluck up courage for the future. Use your transcendental phraseology upon him. Tell him he ought to be confident in "the great to be," and the "everlasting now," and the "eternal what-is-it." Just try your transcendentalism, and your philosophy, and your science upon him. Go to that widowed soul and tell her it was a geological necessity that her companion should be taken away from her, just as in the course of the world's history the megatherium had to pass out of existence; and then you go on in your scientific consolation until you get to the sublime fact that fifty million years from now we ourselves may be scientific specimens on a geological shelf, petrified specimens of an extinct human race.

And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not crushed by it, it will send forth from this church the plainest Christian we have, and, with one-half hour of prayer "It smashes 'em" punishes, the and reading of Scripture pupils, the tears will be wiped away, and the house from floor to cupola will be flooded with the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There is where I see the triumph of Christianity. People are dissatisfied with everything else. They want God. They want Jesus Christ.

Talk about the exact sciences, there is only one exact science. It is not mathematics, Taylor's logarithms have many inaccuracies. The French metric system has many imperfections. The only exact science is Christianity—the only thing unalterable, which you can appropriately write: der which you can appropriately write: "Quod erat demonstrandum." You can tell me that two and two make four. I do not dispute it, but it is not so plain that two and two make four as that the Lord God Almighty made this world and for man, the sinner, he sent his only begotten son to die.

I put on the witness stand to testify in behalf of Christianity the church on earth and all the church in heaven. Not fifty, not a thousand, not a million, but all of the church on earth and all the redeemed in heaven.

*Don't Delay.*

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, that tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

**Hood's Pills** become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

### THE IRISH CAVALIER HAT.

The Irish cavalier hat is quite the smartest thing of the in-between season, before straws are once more generally accepted. Nothing could be more effective with a trim cloth gown, more or less for that matter, jauntier. It comes in black and green, is trimmed with a flat band-bow and buckle, a loose torsade and occasionally with a long estrich plume.

Worn with one of the new scarfs, of black fishnet, wound round the neck

like the old-fashioned stock and tied in a broad bow, this hat is just suggestive enough of masculine fashions to go well with tailor-made costumes. It is eminently suited for a riding hat, and has already been adopted by swell women in London for this purpose. Severe as it looks, it is generally very becoming, and is already very popular. It will be worn in straw during the summer.

### When Pianos Get Out of Sorts.

"Sometimes a piano gets sick," said an expert tuner to the Buffalo Express yesterday. "This Buffalo weather seems to give them the grip. Pianos, you know, have feelings same as anybody. Don't you know that? Well, they have. This piano I have just doctored was not so much out of tune as it was sick; run down. It had caught cold from changes of temperature. There has been a sort of epidemic lately and ever so many pianos have had to take treatment. There are two other complaints common with pianos. One is lack of exercise and the other is overwork."

"About how much exercise should a piano get?"

"In most cases from one to two hours a day, to keep it in the best of health. More than two hours a day slowly saps a piano of its vital energy. Another thing about a piano is that it has to breathe. This fashion of smothering a piano in clothes—I mean draperies and such things hanging down their backs—isn't any better for it than to jam it close up against a wall. A piano should stand two or three inches out from a wall, so that it can get plenty of air. How can a piano be expected to be reasonable, I'd like to know, if it isn't treated like one of the family; and if it isn't attended to when it complains?"

Why isn't piano-tuning just the business for women," this music physician was asked.

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "so far as the hours and the physical labor are concerned, the business is just the thing for women, but, although they have the ear, somehow they don't catch the science of it or the spirit of it.

"They don't seem to get into sympathy with a piano. I suppose it may be a good deal like the difference in doctors. Some of them understand you and you think you are going to get well, and you do get well, while others who have just as good pills can't help you a bit."

### How "Tommy Atkins" Was Named.

I am much obliged to the many correspondents who from time to time enlighten me as to the origin of the name "Tommy Atkins." To save further trouble however, I may as well mention once for all that I am in possession of what I believe to be all the information accessible on this important matter of history. I have always understood that "Thomas Atkins, private," was the fancy signature appended to a specimen form of a soldier's account issued by the war office many years ago, and more than this I doubt whether anybody can tell.—London Truth.

### Not Acquainted With the Editor.

Zion's Herald has been doubled in size. We don't know Editor Zion, but his paper shows signs of prosperity.—Chicago Dispatch.

### Perils of a Kissing Party.

Tom Lanier wen to a kissing party a few nights ago, and got his mustache so full of molasses candy that it had to be cut off.—Atchison Globe.

### True Love.

"No," admitted a man this morning, "my wife never tells me that she is fond of me, but she always makes the kind of pie I like best."—Atchison Globe.

LYDIA E

PINKHAM'S
Vegetable Compound
Is a positive cure for all those painful
Ailments of Women.
It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure
Backache.
It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That
Bearing-down Feeling
causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes
Irregularity,
Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also
Dizziness, Faintness,
Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or
Womb Troubles.
The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For
Kidney Complaints
and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

# Question Bureau.

**Rules.**—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

### Cigars and the Wilson Bill.

W. B., Ocala, Fla., writes: "This state is largely interested in manufacturing fine cigars. Will you give a statement of present tariff and proposed tariff on imported tobacco?"

Representatives of the Cigar Makers International Union of America, were in Washington a short time ago, using their persuasive power on members of the finance committee of the Senate in behalf of the cigar industry of this country. They say if the present bill as agreed to by the finance committee becomes a law, it will result virtually in the complete destruction of the cigar manufacturing business in this country. The manufacture of cigars in the United States under the protection of the McKinley bill afforded, has increased from about four billions in 1890 to 4,814,202,117 in 1893. The amount of internal revenue tax imposed under the McKinley bill was $3 per thousand, thus giving the government an income of $14,400,000 on this one item. An increase of rate of the internal revenue tax to $5 per thousand would be an addition of 66 2-3 per cent to this rate, or over $9,000,000 increase. It will be impossible to increase the retail price of cigars in this country in accordance with the increase in the internal revenue tax. The result will be therefore a decrease in the wages paid employes in accordance with the increase in the internal revenue tax. It is impossible at the present time to manufacture Havana cigars for less than $62.50 per thousand, while the same cigar can be manufactured in Cuba, owing to the low rates of wages prevailing there, and imported into this country paying the customs duty and internal revenue duty proposed by the Wilson bill, for $55.60. It will thus be seen that it will be impossible to continue the manufacture of these cigars in this country unless the industry is more adequately protected.

In the resolution adopted by the International Cigarmakers' Association and presented to Congress the situation is thus briefly summed up: "It should be thoroughly understood that the only cigars now, or formerly, imported into this country to any extent are those classed as pure Havana cigars. Let us again call your attention to the fact that Havana never has been and never can be raised in this country. With a very low import duty on manufactured cigars the manufacturers in Cuba and Havana who produce this tobacco right at their doors have a tremendous advantage over the manufacturer of Havana cigars in this country, owing to the fact that Havana is at their doors, on which they pay no duty, and that labor is much cheaper there, and the fact that our manufacturers have first to pay an enormous duty on the raw material, and a relatively higher wage, and yet with all that cannot be successfully denied. Therefore, we appeal to your sense of justice in settlement of this great problem. Under the proposed import duty of 500 per pound upon cigars the manufacturers of Havana cigars in this country cannot compete successfully with other more favored manufacturers in foreign countries. Our manufacturers were enabled to secure Havana in quality, texture and flavor, upon which they would have to pay no duty, our position would be less tenable."

### Democratic Tariff Plank.

E. P., Lalngsburg, Mich.: The tariff plank of the national Democratic platform, adopted at Chicago on June 22, 1892, is as follows:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered.

"We denounce the McKinley tariff enacted by the Fifty-first Congress as a culminating atrocity of class legislation; we indorse the efforts made by the Democrats of the present Congress to modify its most oppressive features in the direction of free raw materials, and cheapr manufactured goods that enter into general consumption; and we promise its repeal as one of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in entrusting power to the Democratic party. Since the McKinley tariff went into operation there have been reductions of the wages of laboring men to one increase. We deny that there has been any increase of prosperity to the country since the tariff went into operation, and we point to the fullness and distress, the wage reductions and the strikes in the iron trade, as the best possible evidence that no such prosperity has resulted from the McKinley act."

### The Gregorian Calendar.

J. C., Westline, Iowa, asks: "Why are Russian dates twelve days behind our dates?"

Because Russia adheres to the old style, or Julian calendar, so named from Julius Caesar, who reformed the calendar in 46 B. C., by having three years of 365 days followed by a leap year of 366 days. But this is not strictly correct, and by the year 1582 the calendar was nine days wrong. This Pope reformed it again, by arranging that all centennial years 1700, 1800, 1900, etc., which can not be exactly divided by 400, shall not be leap years. This is called the Grezorian calendar, and is used by all civilized countries except Russia. Pope Gregory corrected the ten days' error by decreeing that October 5, 1582, should be called the 15th. England adopted the new style, and corrected the error, which was then eleven days, by calling September 3, 1752, the 14th. The error is now twelve days, and Russian dates are twelve days behind our own.

### The Blade.

E. F. T., Nebraska City, Neb., writes: "When was The Blade first published, and what has been its political standing since? Was it ever a Greenback organ?"

The Blade was founded early in 1836, when Toledo was but a village, as a weekly. On May 16, 1846, a tri-weekly edition was started. On April 17, 1848, the first issue of the Daily Blade made its appearance. The tri-weekly edition was dropped in 1882, but the Daily and Weekly have both been published continuously since their founding. The Blade was Whig in politics until that party died, and was one of the first papers to take up the cause of Republicanism when that party was founded. It has been Republican ever since, without a shadow of turning. It never favored greenbackism, but fought that financial heresy with all its power until it was killed.

### The Sickles-Key Case.

M. E. C., West Stewartstown, N. H.: Gen. Daniel E. Sickles's wife was an Italian by birth, her maiden name being Bagioli. She had a guilty connection with Philip Barton Key, United States attorney for the District of Columbia. Discovering this, Sickles shot and killed the latter on Feb. 27, 1859. He was indicted for murder, but the jury acquitted him. He was a Representative in Congress at the time, having been elected to a second term in 1858. He afterwards forgave his wife, and took her back. She died a few years later. We believe they never had any children.

### Harper's Ferry.

R. G. H., Harmony, Md.: Gen. Dixon S. Miles was put in command of Harper's Ferry in September, 1862. He asked for reinforcements, but they were not sent. After Maryland Heights was evacuated by the force posted there, the enemy opened fire from two commanding positions. He had no alternative but to surrender, with 11,500 troops, with arms, ammunition and supplies. He was mortally wounded by the bursting of a shell after the capitulation.

### Old Coins.

M. E. O., Chillicothe, O.: There is no premium on the half dollar of 1830.

S. D., Stryker, O.: No premium on the half dollar of 1844.

### "In the Succession."

W. O. R., Hardman, Ore.: The phrase "Clay was in the succession," referred to these facts: Several Secretaries of State, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, who was Secretary of State under Washington, including Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, up to the time of Clay, had succeeded to the Presidency. Clay was Secretary of State, and it was said he "was in the succession" to the Presidency. But he never got it.

### Miscellaneous.

C. G., Howell, Mich.: No.

O. G., Chicago: Sorry, but we can not.

L. O. R., Edson, Kan.: There are no statistics of the sort.

L. D. D., Bristow, Miss.: Corbett, the pugilist, is a white man.

R. A. P., Persimmon, Ky.: There is no college that will educate a young man on credit.

A. L. D., Doud's Station, Iowa: We have not a copy of the law at hand, but we think not.

T. P. O., Prescott, Ark.: We have no idea. Just what some collector would be willing to give.

N. B., Chilcote, Michigan: See Question Bureau in Weekly Blade of March 15, for explanation of Congressman-at-large.

J. A., New Boston, Ill.: We are informed that Erastus Wiman never became naturalized, and is still a Canadian citizen.

V. E. Wanseon, O.: Wait until we publish "The Foundations of Finance," announced on the 4th page of The Weekly Blade.

M. H., Montezuma, Kan.: There is a steam railroad up Pike's Peak, as there is up Mt. Washington, Vesuvius, and other noted mountains.

J. R., Hopeville, Iowa: Engage a lawyer in whom you have confidence, and send him to Philadelphia to investigate the matter. That is the only way.

J. H. M., Centre, Mo.: Probably you will find Blaine's speeches, or the more notable of them, in some of the lives of the distinguished statesman which have been published.

J. W., Murdockaville, Pa.: There is no way of finding how many Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, etc., or agnostics there are holding office in the United States, and all estimates are utterly false.

A. M., Vinland, Kan.: Your question will be answered as soon as we can get the information. We have been in correspondence with several parties, but find it very difficult to obtain the facts we want.

Reader, Gillespie, Ill.: About one-tenth of all the sugar in use is produced in the United States. The other nine-tenths is imported. All imported from France, Germany and Belgium is beet sugar; but there is less of it imported than of cane sugar.

J. M. A., Oberlin, O.: Type-writers do all varieties of work. Some business houses employ type-writers who do not know shorthand, but the most require letters, etc., taken in shorthand, and then written out, as it saves much time in dictating.

### REPORTING SPEECHES.

**Stenographers Able to Make Big Money During House Debates.**

It is true that there are twenty or thirty more members in Congress than there were a few years ago, but a change has come over the spirit of debate. Long-winded speeches are rarer; men talk quicker and say more. The incessant agitation of the tariff has been an education in figure, and if a man makes a wild statement he is promptly contradicted. A stenographer who can report the house debate is at the top of his profession, says the Boston Transcript, and there is no more promotion for him. The men who do this work earn incomes that would make the average professional man turn green with envy; for when Congress is not in session they are in demand, at the highest figures, to report the most important matters before the public in Washington once, a good many years ago, who through bad habits had lost every faculty he had except that of writing shorthand, not only could he write, people could talk, but as fast as they could think. In his intervals of sobriety he could make money hand over fist as a house stenographer. He generally kept fairly sober during the session of Congress, but as soon as it was over he would deliberately drink himself into insensibility. His services were so much in demand that men who knew his powers and value of his services would come to Washington, bring him out of his fit of dissipation, get him sobered up, take him off to the scene of action and watch him like a hawk while the case—generally a case of lawsuit—lasted. Then, as soon as it was over, he would go back to his evil ways. But as long as he lived he could write shorthand, and as long as he lived he made a fine income. There is a superstition that every tariff bill calls for the death of one of the house stenographers. The McKinley bill, the Wilson bill, both had their victims, and if a man has a headache now among the stenographers they all look blue and feel black.

"Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

Scott's Emulsion

you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect.* Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

WEAK NERVED MEN! TAKE NO TO BAC BRACE UP

Guaranteed Tobacco Habit CURE.

Millions of men are daily tobacco spitting and smoking their lives and money away, to say nothing of the wasted nerve force, vitality, manhood and energy sacrificed to the TOBACCO HABIT.

NO-TO-BAC cured a hundred thousand tobacco users in 1893 and you can buy and use NO-TO-BAC under an absolute guarantee to cure, or money refunded. One Box costs $1.00; three Boxes $2.50, at Drug Stores, or by mail on receipt of price.

POINTER—Imitators—Fraud! trade on our good name. You run no financial or physical risk when you buy NO-TO-BAC. It's worth to you its weight in gold. Read our book, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Mailed free for the asking. Address

CHICAGO OFFICE, 45-47 Randolph St. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., NEW YORK OFFICE, 10 Spruce St., 5
LABORATORY, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

### STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

**Was This a Coincidence, or Was It Something Still Stranger?**

What is the explanation of it? The facts are attested by several reliable persons.

One of the most prominent railroad men in the state and receiver for a great corporation was a guest at the Grand Pacific hotel, says the Chicago Record.. This was but a day or two ago. While he was at the hotel his son and daughter came to take dinner with him. That evening he went to Mr. Paul Gores, the clerk, and said: "Charge me with two extra dinners."

Mr. Gores knew the daughter was at the hotel, but he had not seen the son, and for some reason supposed that a girl friend of the daughter had been the third person who took dinner at the hotel. There is a rule of the house that the name of every guest must be entered on the register. So Mr. Gores opened the book to put down two names. He just wrote the name of Miss ——, the daughter. Then he thought for a moment and wrote below it "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." Of course Warburton was not the name he wrote, and Cleveland was not the town, but they will do just as well, and in every other particular the story as told will be exactly true to the facts. He didn't know why he wrote "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." He simply thought up a fictitious name, and put it on the register, as he had often done before.

Next day when the guest came to pay his bill the cashier looked up the account, and said: "You have been her three days, and there are two extra dinners charged—one for your daughter and one for Miss Warburton."

"Miss Warburton?"

"Yes; Miss Warburton, of Cleveland. Is there anything wrong?

"Two extra dinners is all right, but there's something wrong. How did that name get on the register?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I have a certain reason for asking, and I wish you would look it up."

So the clerks were questioned, and Mr. Gores said he wrote down the name.

"But how did you happen to get that name and that address?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I wrote the first thing that came into my head."

"That's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in all my life."

They did not venture to ask questions, but he told them anyway. "Miss Warburton, of Cleveland, was a dear friend of my daughter. She died three years ago under very sad circumstances. When my son and daughter were with me at dinner the other evening we were talking of her, and I dare say my son and daughter, whom I left up in the parlor, were talking of her at the very moment that name was written. I'm sure I didn't mention her name in the hearing of any clerk."

"No," said Mr. Gores. "It just came to me."

Then they fell to wondering whether it was simply an unexplainable coincidence or a beautiful case of thought transference.

### REVERSES.

First Chappie—What killed Algy?
Second Chappie—Reverses.
First Chappie—Reverses?
Second Chappie—Yes, blew his fortune in, and then blew his brains out.

**"Brown's Bronchial Troches"** are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat Troubles. SOLD ONLY IN BOXES.

### FINE FEATHERS.

Clara—You know my brother is in the cloak business, and he got up a splendid new design the other day.

Maude—Was it a success?

Clara—Oh, a great one. Why, it lasted three days!—Cloak Review.

"How do you like the dressmaker I sent you to?"

"I'm afraid she's not first-class."

"Why?"

"Well, she allowed me to make a suggestion without losing her temper."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Smoothe—Reginald dear, I saw a lovely bit of ribbon down town to-day, and I want it so much. Don't you think I might buy it?

Mr. Smoothe—A ribbon? Of course. What a question!

Mrs. Smoothe—And there's a beautiful feather in the same place—just a little one. May I buy that, too?

Mr. Smoothe—Certainly.

Mrs. Smoothe—And just one thing more, my dear. They've got a frame for a hat at the same place. You won't object to my buying that, will you, lovey?—Chicago Record.

### *The Modern Way*

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

### SAMSON'S THE STUFF.

**A Novel-Reading Youth Strikes a Great Bit of Literature.**

He walked into the bookstore and stopped before the Bible department. He leaned over the counter and said to the ministerial-looking salesman:

"Is them Buffalo Bill 's books over that?"

"Nope. Religious works."

"Ain't none o' them read about chasin' Injuns and shootin' wild varmints?"

"Not exactly."

"Nothin' about a feller 'at could knock 'em out like John L., ner a feller 'at's slick at er Winchester, er had the nerve to tackle er b'ar?"

"Oh, yes. One better than that."

"Who's he?"

"Samson."

"What'd he do?"

"Oh, he had a fight with a lion."

"Laid 'em out, did 'e?"

"Yes, he killed the lion."

"Jes' bored 'im with er Winchester?"

"Nope."

"Biffed 'im in the head with er ax, I s'pect?"

"Nope."

"Jes' kyarved 'm with his bowie?"

"No; he just caught the beast by the throat and choked him to death."

"You don't say?"

"Yes. He was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Wusser'n John L.?"

"Yes."

"An' wusser'n Jimmie Corbett?"

"Samson could knock them both out at once."

"Whoopee! ain't he the stuff? I'll take two o' them Samson books."—Atlanta Constitution.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.

### Corn-Pith Imitates Pottery.

One of the most curious of the exhibits at Chicago was a collection of imitation pottery jewel boxes and vases. The writer saw a vase, ewer or bowl, six or eight inches high, of a mellow straw color which was beautified by flowers in relief of various color and design. He picked it up for closer examination, when presto! it seemed to lift itself in the air, it was so light. It looked to be pottery, but it "lifted" like goose-down, for it was made entirely of the pith of corn-stalks.

The pith, ground up, forms a pulp from which the vessels are fashioned in a way something like the papier mache process. The ornamentation is then laid on by hand, the petals and stems of flowers, etc., being carefully cut out of the pith, delicately colored, and glued to the exterior. Daisies and clover, asters or forget-me-nots, lilies and roses, bloom out of the neglected corn-pith. This corn-pith ware, or "Zea-pithia," as its inventor names it, is the product of a single young enthusiast in a New England town, who has a thriving trade in his curious manufacture. One of the comical features of the business is the receipt of many orders from places like St. Augustine, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, etc., where tourists congregate and where the "Zea-pithia" ware is sold by the pedlers, "Indians," and storekeepers, as a local product for souvenirs of the place.

### The Terrible Part of the Affair.

In a little Southern town, where the least happening was of vital importance and lengthy conversation, a worthless citizen entered a store during the proprietor's absence and abstracted his entire cash capital. The robbery was soon detected, the robber found and the money recovered. The news came to a country house, and was retailed at length to the family in the presence of a small Ethiop, who acted as sub-butler and chore boy. After the capeure and imprisonment of the offender had been related the mistress, wishing to point the moral to the miniature darky, remarked:

"Well, that is what comes of stealing. Isn't it terrible, Jennings?"

"Deed, ma'm, Miss Page," answered the black youth, laboring under the name of Jennings—"deed it am ter'ble. Dat po' man didn' have no chance 'tall 'ter spend dat money."—Harper's Magazine.

### "Brown's Bronchial Troches"

are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat Troubles. SOLD ONLY IN BOXES.

### FOR INDIGESTION.

**Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

If your dinner distresses you, try it. It aids digestion.

### LATEST FADS.

Braids, which are rarely ever quite out of style, have taken on a more attractive form this season, and are now braided and spangled and striped with moire, like more pretentious trimmings. Several rows are plaited together, with an open barrel effect of beads with one edge very much fuller, like a ruffle.

The "bow bonnet" is said to be the latest style for evening wear. Wide moire ribbon that has been wired forms this simple affair, which has no frame or band for a foundation. It must be set high on the head, with long drooping ends, or an Alsatian effect, as best becomes the wearer, and be pinned on with jeweled pins.

Old-fashioned grass cloth is revived again. It is finer and more sheer than that of the old days. It comes in ecru with fine white stripes, and is cool and dainty for shirt waists.

The truly aesthetic woman will welcome the sashes which have appeared once more. They are worn in the back, tied in front or on the hip, as they are most becoming, and are made of soft silk satin, or moire, with long ends falling almost to the bottom of the gown.

In London the latest wedding present for the bride is a cigarette case. It may be silver or gold ornamented with rare gems, but the fact that it is for cigarettes need not be disguised.

### Her Favorite Artists.

Mrs. Newgold (at the box office)—Are opera seats on sale here?

Ticket Seller—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newgold—Well, what night do Lohengrin and Carmen sing together?—Chicago Record.

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# The Sunday School.

### Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.

LESSON I, APRIL 1, 1894.

Golden Text—I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. xxxii, 26.

LESSON TEXT.

(Genesis xxxii, 9-12, 24-30.)

9. And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee:

10. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordon; and now I am become two bands.

11. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.

12. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which can not be numbered for multitude.

24. And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

25. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

26. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

27. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

28. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

29. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

30. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

**Illustrative Applications.**

O Lord, which sayeth unto me, return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will do thee good (v. 9). If God has given us a promise conditioned on our conduct, it is well for us to plead that promise as we enter upon that course of conduct. God remembers his promises, and he wants us to do so. To recall a promise of God in our behalf ought to encourage and strengthen our faith as we come to him in the hour of need. God is sure to be as good as his word in every emergency.

I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant (v. 10). If any man can come to God and make a claim for a blessing on the ground of his personal merit, let him do so. But you and I are not of that sort. We may be disposed to brag before our fellows of what we are and of what we have done; but when we are face to face with God, we never tell him that we are worthy, and that we expect good things from him because of our deserts. There is comfort to us in such a prayer as this of Jacob's: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant." Any one of us can start a prayer in that way with sincerity.

Deliver me, I pray thee, for I fear (v. 11). It is when we realize that we can not take care of ourselves that we are ready to call on God to care for us. The little boy illustrated this feeling, when he said his prayers at bedtime because he needed God then; but daytimes he could look out for himself, so he didn't pray mornings. So with many an older person:

Eres which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say "God be pitiful,"
Who never said "God be praised."

Yet God welcomes us in our hour of need, if we will not come to him before.

The hollow of Jacob's thigh was strained as he wrestled with him (v. 25). The man who depends on his muscle may find his muscle fail him. But the man who depends on God's blessing will never lack at this point. Taking a man's legs from under him may enable him to stand firmer than before. Jacob walked straighter when he limped than when his thighs were sound. A sense of helplessness is essential to a clinging faith.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me (v. 26). God loves to have men come to him with a determined purpose of getting a blessing. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force." A man is sure to get from the Lord the one blessing—of all the things which any man has a right to ask for—which he is determined to have, which he is living to plead for, and which he would die to gain. Is there any one blessing which you desire of the Lord, which you long for, which your soul goes out after, above all things else? Then get it. Say to the Lord, in red-hot determination, and in unwavering confidence, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;" and before the day breaks you shall have that blessing as a result of your night of wrestling with the Lord.

Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel (v. 28). Jacob had been depending on his power to overmatch other men; his name had indicated this. Now he was willing to let God fight for him; he was to have a new name suggestive of this. Any of us can have the name "Cheat," or can deserve it. Any of us can have, or deserve, the name "Loving Trust." Which name do we want?

I have seen God face to face (v. 30). "Face to face with God!" "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in sheol, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night; even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Always before the Lord! How the consciousness of this fact ought to influence our every thought, and shape our

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1894.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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### GET THE SECOND SET!

We believe that every subscriber who was fortunate enough to get the first set of the first four parts of that beautiful art serial, "Sights and Scenes of the World," will use his utmost endeavors to secure the second set, embracing the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th parts. The list of subjects embraced is given in the advertisement on the fifth page, and it will be seen that they are equally interesting and valuable with those in the first set.

Meanwhile, if there is any one who has not yet received the first set, the offer with Coupon No. 1 is still good. Clip it out of any February number of The Blade, send it in, with a new subscriber and $1, and you will receive the set, while the new subscriber will receive The Weekly Blade one year and the "Nasby Ltters."

### FREE TRADE WOOL PRICES.

The Rochester Post-Express did a good thing in the preparation of the following table, which shows the remarkable decline in the price of wool since Congress met in extra session last August. Note the fall:

| Grades. | 1893. Aug. 4. | 1894. Feb. 23. |
|---|---|---|
| Ohio fleece X and XX..... | 24 | 22 |
| Ohio medium ..... | 27 | 23 |
| Unwashed Kentucky ..... | 21 | 19 |
| Montana fine medium ..... | 39 | 35 |
| Wyoming fine medium .... | 37 | 33 |
| Average ..... ..... | 29 | 26 |

If that paper had gone back a month further, the comparison would have been more striking. It would have found Montana fine medium quoted at 46 cents and Wyoming 45 cents, which makes the decline in these grades, during seven months, 11 cents and 12 cents respectively.

Wool is purchased nearly a year in advance of the time it will appear as finished cloth on the shelves of tailors and dry goods men. The wool bought last summer was for manufacture during the winter into cloth to be put on the market this summer, for fall and winter use. No man of ordinary business sagacity would buy wool at the rates of seven months ago in the face of the certainty that low-tariff legislation would render it a losing venture. So the price fell, and kept on falling. It is to-day a free trade price, and it will remain so as long as wool is on the free list. Furthermore, we ask every intelligent reader to note that the prices of woolen clothing will not fall in proportion to the fall in wool.

### THE FIRST STATE ELECTION.

Rhode Island leads off with the first state contest of the year. Her election comes on the first Wednesday in April, which this year comes on the 4th. The state will elect a governor and other state officers, and also the members of the state legislature. The elections to the latter body are specially important, as it will elect a successor to Senator Dixon—and probably also to Senator Aldrich, as it is said the latter will resign if the legislature shall have a good Republican majority. The chances in that manufacturing state are decidedly in favor of the Republicans, as the business depression has been sharply felt among the industrial population—who know, moreover, that it is entirely due to the low-tariff policy of the Democratic party.

The other state contests to follow are: Oregon will elect a governor on June 4; Alabama, August 6; Arkansas, September 3; Vermont, September 4; Maine, September 10, and Georgia, October 3. Besides these nineteen states will elect governors in November, and others will elect state officials. Then there will be the general Congressional elections, which will drive the Democrats from power in the House, and put a complete check upon all wild and harmful legislation for the remainder of Cleveland's term.

### TO INVENTORS.

There is a wide field open for men of a practical and inventive turn of mind. We couple the terms "practical" and "inventive," because there are thousands of inventors who are not practical, and thus waste time and money. An invention, to be practical and remunerative, must perform a given kind of work either better or faster, or both, than any existing process. If it can not do this, drop it. Or it must be simpler, and therefore cost less. Unless your invention can meet some of these provisos, don't waste time and money over it.

There are several promising fields for invention. One is, some way of utilizing the tremendous power of ocean tides. There is enough power wasted on the sea shores of the United States to run all the machinery in the world day and night, if some way of utilizing it were devised.

Then there is another enormous field opening in electrical science. The uses we now make of this power are but child's play as compared with the vast possibilities of the future. Tesla is the pioneer of higher electrical invention as was Edison of its initiatory uses. The possibilities are infinite. Let the would-be inventor master the arcana of electricity, and the world will be his plaything.

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There is alarm in Honolulu over indications that an attempt is to be made to restore Liliuokalani by force. There have arrived there nearly 200 persons from Canada who are styled "vagrants," because they have no visible means of support, but who are supported and supplied with money from some unknown source. It is feared that they may constitute a filibustering gang who will recruit natives into their service and attempt revolution. We have much faith in the wisdom and discretion of President Dole and his advisers, and believe they will promptly check any such attempt.

### THE FINAL INDIANA DECISION.

The Supreme Court of the State of Indiana has just refused to reconsider its decision in the famous case of Stehlin vs. Haggard. The original decision was rendered nearly four months ago, and held that a saloon might be declared a public nuisance. Now that the rehearing has been refused, that decision stands as the law of Indiana, subject only to reversal by the action of the state legislature; for there is no court to which it can be appealed. The Indiana Supreme Court is the tribunal of highest resort in that state, and the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the California cases prevents its being taken to that tribunal; for in that decision it declared that saloons and the liquor traffic are entirely within the control of the state, and that federal courts have nothing to do with state restrictive or prohibitory laws. We will, as a matter of public interest, recapitulate the facts in the Indiana case:

In 1891, John Stehlin, a saloonkeeper, built a block, in which he opened a saloon, duly licensed, adjacent to the residence of Mrs. Mary Haggard, on College avenue, Indianapolis, which is a street of private residences. Mrs. Haggard brought suit in the Circuit Court to recover damages, on the ground that the saloon was a nuisance and depreciated the value of her property. Stehlin's defense was that his business was a legally authorized one, and that he could be subjected to damages only if he kept a disreputable or disorderly house; otherwise he could not be responsible for any incidental damage. The court found for the defendant. Then Mrs. Haggard appealed to the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision.

In this decision, the Supreme court held that the liquor traffic is immoral, and on this account is restricted by a license for the protection of citizens; that it was not the purpose of the legislature in enacting the license law to confer the right to injure the property of any citizen; that the evidence in this case showed that the saloon was a common nuisance, in that it damaged private interests without at the same time conferring any benefit on the public. The fact that the saloon had been licensed and that the owner paid his fees into the public treasury did not affect the rights of private persons who were injured by the maintenance of a common nuisance. The saloon could show no public justification for its existence, and it was shown that it damaged the people in the vicinity of whose homes it was erected. And, finally, the court held that a saloon which lessens the value of property is a nuisance at law, and can be abated as a nuisance, and that the person whose property is injured by it can recover damages from the keeper to the full amount of the injury inflicted.

The last effort on behalf of Stehlin was made by the attorney of the Saloon Keepers' League, who asked for a rehearing on the ground that Mrs. Haggard's attorney had misled the court and had violated his word with opposing counsel. He denied these statements and the court overruled the petition for a hearing without even handing down an opinion with it. The effect of this decision will be to banish the saloons from the residence sections of all cities and towns in Indiana, if the neighboring property-owners bring suits for damages against the proprietors. If it were followed up in every other state of the Union, it would drive them all into the business districts, or force their keepers to close up. As the business section of every city already has as many saloons as can find profitable patronage, it is certain that a large number of them would have to go out of business. Thus the progress of public sentiment has brought another means wherewith to wage the conflict to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

### LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The feeling that February 12, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, shall be made a holiday, is evolving itself in action. The Blade is in receipt of the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by Farragut Post, No. 15, Department of Washington and Alaska, G. A. R., of Port Townsend, Wash., on March 5, and copies directed to be sent to Senator Squire and Representative Doolittle for presentation to Congress, and also to the national and department headquarters:

Whereas, We notice with profound gratification the introduction in the Congress of the United States of a proposition to make the annually recurring 12th day of February a national holiday, as the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we earnestly urge upon the federal Congress its early and favorable consideration of and action on this proposition as a most appropriate, though all too tardy, recognition of the great worth and inestimable services to the nation and to mankind of the most conspicuous martyr of the war for the union, and the greatest man of his time.

Resolved, That the several posts of this department and of the nation be, and are hereby urgently invited, to similar action in the premises.

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While we are heartily in favor of making Lincoln Day a holiday, these resolutions raise a somewhat interesting question, viz., whether Congress really has power to declare a national holiday? It is to be remembered that the federal constitution expressly reserves to the states all rights not definitely granted to the federal government by that instrument. Under what clause defining the powers of Congress can authority be found for the creation of a national holiday?

It is a fact we have not one national holiday. All these days have been created by state law, and not one—not even the Fourth of July—by Congressional action. Why did not Farragut Post set out to influence the legislature of Washington to make Lincoln Day a holiday, and endeavor to have their brethren of the G. A. R. in all other states secure similar action?

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The Troy murders are the culmination of the most outrageous system of fraud ever perpetrated in any city in the country. In this town, ballot-box stuffing, repeating, and thievery has grown to be a regular habit with the Democracy. The charge that the murders grew out of anything but this long continued abuse of power is nonsense and Democratic subterfuge to blind the people to the corruption which has so long kept Troy in the Democratic ranks.

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With a lake rate of two cents per bushel on wheat from Chicago to Buffalo, and Erie canal rates way down, the shipments of grain eastward will probably be larger than ever this year.

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If no more evidence should be given in the case against W. C. P. Breckinridge, there is enough already to show that he is a disgrace to the district represented once by Henry Clay.

### THE SEIGNIORAGE BILL.

The Bland "seigniorage" bill passed the Senate yesterday, and will probably become a law by the President's inaction. He will neither veto it nor sign it, and at the end of the constitutional limit of ten days it will become a law without his signature. A clear statement of fact respecting the so-called "seigniorage" may be helpful to many who do not understand the measure.

Under the Sherman silver law of 1890, which was repealed by the extra session of Congress last fall, silver bullion was purchased at its market price, at the rate of 4,500,000 ounces per month. This bullion was paid for in Treasury notes, and was stored in the Treasury. There is now stacked up in the vaults 139,466,257 ounces of bar silver, thus purchased, which cost $125,888,929. If it should be coined into dollars their face value would be $180,320,000. The difference between this face value and the cost of the bullion is a little over $55,000,000; and this sum is the so-called "seigniorage."

But the bullion in the Treasury, if sold at the present price of silver, would not bring as much as was paid for it by some $43,000,000. It is true that if the $55,000,000 "seigniorage" were coined into silver dollars they would pass at their face value, not because of the "fiat" of the government, but because the credit of the government is good, and silver dollars are held up to their face value by the fact that the government will, by two exchanges, redeem them in gold. Of course the seigniorage is not a real thing. It is simply a fiction, a book-keeping balance; and the purpose of the Bland bill was very aptly and correctly described by Mr. Hewitt as "coining a vacuum."

But Bland and his fellow enthusiasts claim that these $55,000,000, to be, as it were, created by the act of coinage, represent a gain fairly belonging to the government, and that the sum should, by the said act of coinage, be made available for the current expenses of the Treasury. The proposition is to coin silver to the amount of $55,000,000, and to issue paper notes upon the basis of the money. There is a further proposition that, when this shall have been done the remainder of the silver bullion also shall be coined and the coin held for redemption of the siver notes now in circulation. As these come in they shall be canceled and destroyed in amount equal to the coin in possession of the Treasury, and other notes shall be issued in their place.

The objections to the bill are: First, that the silver bullion, although costing $125,888,929, is worth in the market (because the price of silver has fallen) no more than $82,258,391, so that there has, in fact, been a real loss to the government in the market value of the silver of $43,629,838, instead of any gain. Second, that the whole of the bullion, whatever its value, has been pledged as security for paper money to the amount of $125,888,929 (cost value of the silver) which has been put into circulation. Both these arguments are sound, but the most primary laws of finance are disregarded by Bland and his associates, and this bill is no exception.

What it will do will be to inflate the currency by $180,320,000 of silver certificates. This will have the same effect as though the Sherman silver law had been kept in operation some four years longer. It is inflation of our credit money, which is absolutely dangerous, because of the narrow basis of gold which supports it; it is needless, as there are scores of idle millions of money in the banks now awaiting borrowers. It is forced through to give the Treasury, now reduced to sore straits, some fifty-five millions more to eke out the deficient revenues. Had it not been for the needs of the Treasury, this absurd scheme would probably never have been heard of.

### A TYRANNICAL MEASURE.

Every now and then some fellow bobs up in Congress with some scheme which, under the cloak of the "interests of morality," or something of that sort, endeavors to infringe upon the proper liberty of the people. Such a measure is House bill No. 4732, introduced by Representative Hayes, of Iowa. It proposes nothing less than to make the Postmaster General the censor of the newspaper and periodical press of the country, by vesting in him powers which would be arbitrary and dangerous. It first provides that papers shall be unmailable which are "principally made up of criminal news, or stories of immoral deeds, lust or crime," and those containing advertisements of panaceas for certain kinds of diseases. Then it goes on to vest the Postmaster General with "full authority to declare what is unmailable under this act," and "to declare said publications, including future issues thereof, non-mailable."

Two years ago a similarly obnoxious measure was introduced in Congress, known as the Dolph bill. It was then fully discussed by the newspaper press, and the Senate committee to which it was referred reported against it, declaring that "there is now on the statute books ample prohibition legislation on this subject;" that such a measure would interfere unwarrantably with the postal privileges of leading and reputable publications, and that it was a dangerous power to place a complete press censorship in the hands of any one person, especially in those of an officer who has "no right to exercise judicial functions." The law is ample as it stands; any one can invoke it, and have the question thus raised can be tested where it should be—in the courts. The Hayes bill should be promptly killed by the House committee on Postoffices and Post-roads, to which it was referred.

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Commissioner of Pensions Lochren is "slowing down" the machinery of the Pension office, as a means of keeping down the expenditures. Then this process has this additional advantage in Democratic eyes—a great many applicants will die, and the pensions they would receive will thus be "saved" to the government. The effective "slowing down" Lochren has instituted is clearly shown by the fact that during his first year of office the Pension department has adjudicated less than half as many pension cases as Gen. Raum did the previous year. During the fiscal year 1891-92 there were issued 311,000 pension certificates. Under Lochren, less than half that number were adjudicated, and of those that were, two-thirds were rejected!

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McKane's side partner, Kenneth Sutherland, has been found guilty on second trial, of misdemeanor. The political crooks must be pulverized.

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Harrison's lectures on international law are well received by the 600 boys and 300 girls, students at Leland Stanford, jr., university.

### THE "NASBY LETTERS."

**Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.**

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

### THE BRAZILIAN INSURRECTION.

The insurrection in Brazil began in the first week of September, 1893. Its real motive was jealousy on the part of Admiral de Mello and the other naval officers of the superior influence of the army in national affairs. To their aid came those who favored a restoration of the empire, and all these elements of opposition which desired official preferment, but failed to obtain it. The pretext for the revolt of de Mello on the night of September 2 last was President Peixoto's veto of a bill which rendered the vice president of the republic indigible for a second term, as the president already was. Da Gama joined the insurrection later, and boldly proclaimed his purpose to restore the empire. This caused a coolness between him and Mello.

When Mello revolted, he gave six hours to Peixoto to retire from Rio. The latter, however, has none of the elements of a coward in him. He took decisive measures for defense, and in all these months of languid warfare has been vigorously preparing for decisive conflict. The whole navy was in revolt, but he sent to the United States and Europe, and now has a fleet of ten new vessels in Rio bay. He has mounted more than sixty heavy guns for the defense of the capital, has kept all disaffection under, and finally compelled da Gama and his fleet to surrender. The Aquidaban and Republica are the only vessels in rebel hands. De Mello is somewhere in the South with those two, but it is only a question of time when he will abandon the contest and and yield to the victorious Peixoto.

The recent election for President, resulting in the choice of Senhor de Moraes, seems to have wiped out any good reason for the continuance of the insurrection. Peixoto was credited with the desire to make himself dictator, but he acquiesced in the election of de Moraes. The latter is a lawyer by profession, not identified with either the army or the navy factions, and acceptable to all. He was president of the assembly which framed the constitution of the republic, is a man of distinction in the political world, and an admirable choice for President in the present emergency. The close of the struggle will relieve commerce with Rio of disagreeable restrictions, and every one is glad the silly insurrection is done for.

### OUR IMPORT TRADE.

During the year before the McKinley law went into operation, only one-third of the imports into the United States was admitted free, and two-thirds were subject to tariff duties, the figures being 34 per cent of the total imports free and 66 per cent dutiable. The proportion of free imports during that year was above the average of the seven years during which the tariff law of 1883 was in operation.

A great change was wrought in this respect by the McKinley law. Under its provisions, more than half the imports into the United States are admitted free of duty and less than one-half is subject to duties. Thus the government's report of imports for the seven months to February 1, 1894, show: Free of duty, $204,943,749, or 54.89 per cent; dutiable, $167,605,321, or 45.11 per cent.

And yet the McKinley law gives more complete protection than the law of 1883. It placed on the free list imports of articles which we do not produce at all, or cannot produce in quantities sufficient for our needs—sugar, for instance; and placed on articles of the same kind as we can and do produce enough to supply our wants. The Wilson bill takes the opposite plan. Now let us see whether the people will like its operations, when compared with the McKinley bill.

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A report made by the secretary of the Treasury to the Senate shows the payments of sugar bounty from July 1 last to March 4 to aggregate $3,257,055. Of this $610,935 was paid on beet sugar; $16,926 on sorghum sugar, $2,513,597 on cane sugar and $115,597 on maple sugar. The "burden" of the sugar bounty is not an onerous one, after all.

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It is estimated that the rails on the various railways of the country weigh altogether 83,000,000 tons. That weight, enormous as it is, will not be a marker compared with the weight of popular indignation that will fall upon the Democratic party at the Congressional elections this year.

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Mr. Ingalls thinks that the Republicans of Kansas will carry the next legislature and elect a United States Senator. This probably is the reason Mr. Ingalls has returned to politics.

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Things do come to an end, finally. Here is the Coughlin trial over, and the Brazilian war at an end.

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The quietude of Willis at Hawaii is inexpressibly soothing and restful.

### THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The two salient points in the financial situation last week was the increase in the surplus reserves held by the New York banks, and the shipment of $1,250,000 of gold to London on Saturday. This was a purely commercial transaction, the first for a long time. It is the first time since July last that sterling exchange has been at a point that would allow of the export of gold at a profit. The increased demand for staple goods noted by the retail trade all over the country has as yet had no effect upon manufacturers. Their orders have not increased as yet; but if the consumptive demand keeps brisk, the stocks on hand will soon be depleted, and orders for their replenishment will necessarily follow. Money on call is an abundant supply, at 1 per cent. Time money during last week maintained an even tenor without noteworthy change. The trade conditions, while possibly slightly improved, are not yet such as to cause withdrawals from New York, and the upward tendency in the stock market, while doubtless involving some investment buying, has not yet absorbed a sufficient quantity of funds to make any appreciable inroad on the superabundant offerings. Rates 2 cent for thirty to sixty days, 2 1-2 for ninety days, 3 for four to seven months.

The stock market has undergone a radical change. There is a strong undertone, which supports rates in spite of sales to take profits, which were a feature last week. Henry Clews sums up the situation and the outlook very clearly as follows:

During the past week, the course of the stock market has indicated that the rising tide of speculation is gradually gaining force. There has been more buying and at better prices and transactions have extended from the industrials to the railroad list.

There has been, during the week, some slight revival of London buying of our securities; but it seems to have been incident to the condition of the exchanges and has little real significance. There can be no doubt that the pendency of the Bland bill has had a depressing effect upon our securities abroad—as has anything that tends to weaken the assurances afforded by the Repeal act. London is evidently in the beginning of an active speculative movement; for several securities and the Turkish and Egyptian loans have advanced to prices above the highest of the last ten years; and yet American issues, in spite of their cheapness, have so far remained neglected, and investments in them have been mainly confined to gold-bearing mortgages.

The situation, as a whole, is one that must be construed as on the mend. Outside the influences connected with Washington, affairs have a distinctly hopeful prospect. General trade is reviving, manufacturers are regaining confidence and resuming work on the old scale, the condition of our foreign trade is strictly conservative, and there is no doubt of money remaining easy for the remainder of the year. But there is likely to be a disposition to operate within moderate limits until the Bland bill is out of the way.

The silver market had a comparatively quiet week, little business being done in New York for export. Stocks are light, and the New York quotation followed the foreign price closely. Commercial sonsumers of silver are buying only in a hand-to-mouth way. Cables quoted the London market weak, influenced largely by a suspension of Chinese purchases. The closing rate on Saturday in New York was 60 1-4 cents per ounce.

### THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

The special market report of Messrs. C. A. King & Co., of this city, for Saturday last, contains some very valuable information as to the world's total wheat crop. The United States, as every one knows, produces far more wheat than we consume; but, unfortunately for our farmers, we are not the only wheat-exporting country on the globe. The price of wheat is fixed by the exportable surplus of all wheat producing countries; the greater this is, the lower the price. The world has produced a crop somewhat above the average for the past three years, and the inevitable result is seen in the low price prevailing.

As a matter of interest we reproduce from the source above mentioned, the following table, showing the total crop of each of the wheat-producing countries of the world for the past three years. The figures represent millions of bushels; that is, annex six ciphers (000,000) to each number in the column:

| Wheat. | 1893. | 1892. | 1891. |
|---|---|---|---|
| United States.. .. | 396 | 516 | 611 |
| Canada.. .. ..... | 41 | 48 | 61 |
| Argentine .... ..... | 57 | 30 | 33 |
| Chili..... ..... | 19 | 18 | 14 |
| Uruguay ..... ..... | 6 | 3 | 3 |
| Australia ..... ..... | 41 | 36 | 23 |
| Africa..... ..... | 35 | 34 | 39 |
| Asia, outside India.. | 79 | 83 | 88 |
| India.... .... ..... | 207 | 206 | 205 |
| France.. .. ..... | 278 | 311 | 220 |
| Austria-Hungary ... | 175 | 192 | 180 |
| Germany.... .. .... | 120 | 116 | 86 |
| Russia.. .. ..... | 321 | 241 | 169 |
| Roumania .. ..... | 60 | 60 | 46 |
| United Kingdom.... .. | 52 | 63 | 77 |
| Italy.. .. ..... | 120 | 116 | 141 |
| Total—Europe.... | 1,493 | 1,407 | 1,169 |
| Total—World ..... | 2,360 | 2,302 | 2,359 |

It will be seen that Europe raises over half the world's crop of wheat. Great Britain does not raise much, but has so dense a population that she is the largest importer, requiring as much as the total surplus of all European wheat-exporting countries. The Messrs. King say regarding the figures in the above table:

The estimates are valuable only in comparison. No country devotes as much time and money gathering crop reports as the United States, hence the others can hardly be any more reliable than ours, and the general impression seems to be that ours need improvement. Storage and railroad facilities in some of the foreign countries are so poor that the crop is forced on the market soon after harvest, while labor is generally much cheaper than in this country, where the farmers are more intelligent and have the advantage of improved machinery.

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Adlai's little boom for the Presidency in 1896 has materialized. The presence of Vice President Stevenson, Governor Pattison and Wm. F. Harrity, at Ashville, N. C., at the same time, is believed to mean a political conference, with the object of making Stevenson and Pattison the Democratic leaders two years hence. An enthusiastic friend with a battery fired a presidential salute in honor of Adlai. That gentleman don't realize two things: First, that he is a remarkably light weight; and, second, that no Vice President ever became President.

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The immigration authorities at New York are earnestly engaged in stopping all efforts of foreigners to compete with the labor of Amrica. The Mr. Templeton who is said to be on his way from Liverpool, and for whom the immigration authorities at New York are keeping a lookout, is alleged to be coming to this country under contract to act as assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Des Moines. Mr. Templeton will probably be debarred from landing. If the immigration inspectors would show the same zeal in other cases, the alien contract labor question would soon be settled.

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Moody is conducting a series of revival meetings at Washington, but Grover stubbornly declines to attend.

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McKane held mortgages on several churches, and for that reason had much interest in religion.

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Brownell, the avenger of Ellsworth, is dead. May the turf rest lightly above his patriot heart!

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The Wilson bill may now appear from the committee dungeon.

### IT DEPENDED.

He—Will yo' marry me, Mary Jane?
She—Is dem clams er stones in yo' basket?

### THE MARCH CROP REPORT.

The crop report of the Agricultural department at Washington for March is a somewhat discouraging document. For the most part it deals with the distribution of wheat and corn still left in farmers' hands from the last and earlier crops. And, in the first place, it will be noted that the amount there found is larger than might, perhaps, have been expected. On the basis of the government estimates of the wheat crop of 1893, and of the common estimates of per capita consumption, there ought to be a smaller amount of wheat on hand now than the visible supply which, as a matter of fact, is reported.

That the actual amount on hand is larger than what would be expected from that method of computation is, of course, because much of it comes over from the surplus of previous years. Thus it happens that, to say nothing of an estimated visible supply of over 80,000,000 bushels of wheat on March 1, the department now places the wheat in farmers' hands at 114,000,000 bushels. This is certainly a large amount; it is 28.8 per cent of the entire yield last year, and its retention in its present hands is, of course, largely owing to the low prices which the markets have been and still are offering.

Yet, large as it is, it is 21,000,000 bushels less than the March estimates of last year, and about 20,000,000 less than the average of this season during the last eight years. Substantially the same story is told of corn. The amount of this staple in producers' hands is estimated at 589,000,000 bushels, or 36.4 per cent of the 1893 crop—unquestionably an enormous aggregate and one which must exercise a depressing influence, more or less potent, on the market. And yet this proportion, too, is less than for any year of the last five except 1891.

The world is raising more grain than it needs, and the result is that grain-growing is not largely profitable, because of the resulting low prices. And there is this further fact to remember—that though the present low prices may improve somewhat, there is nothing in the general conditions existing all over the world on which to base any prediction of permanently-improved prices. From extensive and valuable statistics "on the production and distribution of the principal agricultural products of the world," recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture, it appears that the march of agricultural production is now too rapid to permit any one nation to count on long enjoying anything approaching even the partial monopoly that hitherto the United States has had in cotton and wheat.

In 1880 Argentina had to import wheat to fulfil her food supply, but in 1890 she exported a wheat-surplus of 12,047,924 bushels. In the last decade Uruguay nearly tripled her wheat exportations. Of late years New South Wales has largely increased her wheat production; Queensland's yield in 1890 was five times the average of the previous ten years, in which her corn-acreage was more than doubled. Western and South Australia, South Africa, Egypt, Mexico, Manitoba and Canada in the same period made considerable progress in this respect. The official report referred to states that the agricultural and material progress of the Australian colonies "in the past twenty years has been remarkable, comparable only with the unequalled advancement of the United States during the first century of its existence." While British India already figures conspicuously in the role of a wheat exporter, her last year's yield of this cereal having been about sixty-two per cent of the American crop, it does not appear that her limit in this direction has been nearly reached.

Cotton production outside of the United States, it appears from the statistics already referred to, is also rapidly increasing, except in Brazil, where the production in 1890 was 88,641 bales less than in 1888. In Egypt the crop of 1890 exceeded that of 1888 by 313,758 bales, while in India there was an increase of 98,209 bales. Russian writers claim that Russia is raising within her own territory one-third at least of the cotton she needs.

These data serve to point as important lesson to the grain-growers of the Great West and the cotton planters of the South. People are beginning to realize that we are all dependent, individually and for our combined national prosperity as well, on the farming classes. Their condition, the abundance and profitableness of their crops, make up the great consuming and purchasing element upon the extent and strength of which depends the degree of the practical ability of the rest of us to pursue our bread-winning occupations advantageously to ourselves, and the farmers and planters must ceaselessly guard against the over-production of crops not demanded in the world's markets, and learn to concentrate their industry on those which will command profitable returns.

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The men who have felt the pinch of Democratic hard times the past winter will express their opinion of Democracy by voting the Republican ticket at the spring election.

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The United States will sue the Union Pacific for $40,000,000. This ought to foreclose the road.

### "THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The safety and perpetuity of the Republic depends upon the intelligehce of the voters. Ignorance is the only hold demagogy can have upon them. The people's hearts are right; they desire to support the measures best for the whole country; but if their heads are wrong—if they are misled by false logic, or are mistaken as to facts through ignorance, they may endanger the prosperity—nay, the very life—of the nation.

Our civilization is the result of many centuries of progress. Slowly the race has climbed from ignorance to intelligence, and through experience it has framed the present social and political fabric. Whatever the issue raised before the American people, the first question asked should be, "What has been the experience of the past in this particular?" Whatever lesson the past contains is valuable, as it certainly tells us what to avoid, and in what direction the path of true progress lies.

The Blade proposes to discuss the financial question from this standpoint—that of the experience of the past. We propose to show the beginnings of wealth, and of its representative, money; to trace, in clear and concise language, the history of money, and of its varied substitutes, and to give, in compact form, the principles which have been found sure by the experience of centuries, and on which all financial authorities are agreed. It will form an invaluable text-book on finance, and worth many times its cost to every intelligent voter. It will be absolutely non-partisan politically, and the mistakes that have been made in our national finances will be clearly pointed out, no matter what party was responsible for them. The series will be printed exclusively in The Blade, and will be begun in a few weeks, of which due notice will be given.

### THE METAL TRADE.

Iron (of course including steel), copper and lead are the most important industrial metals produced largely in the United States. Their selling prices are lower now than ever before known, and the price of iron is below the unexampled drop which followed the panic of 1873. The dilatoriness of Congress in acting on the Wilson tariff bill is largely responsible for the utter stagnation of the metal trade. Every one concerned in it is waiting and taking no chances. Stocks of all kinds are very small. Manufacturers are restricting their purchases to actual requirements, while in former years they held surplus stocks.

Especially is this true of iron, in which trade operations have dwindled to an insignificant figure. The present programme of the tariff tinkers contemplates the admission free of duty of all pig iron brought into this country, as against four cents a pound duty as at present. Very little business is done in this line in this country. London monopolizes the trade. But the little we control is jeopardized by uncertainty as to what the wise men at Washington will actually do in regard to the rate of duty.

Another branch which is seriously crippled on account of the proposed reduction in the tariff is pig lead, which now pays a duty of two cents per pound. Under the Wilson bill this will be cut down to one cent. Business in this line is also at a standstill, and to what extent merchants are yet to suffer depends entirely upon the course of legislation at Washington. Already the decreased consumption has alarmed handlers of the product. The consumption of white lead has been diminishing steadily, and, as a consequence, traders in pig lead find themselves deprived of a large proportion of their average business.

As a consequence, all men engaged in the metal trade, irrespective of politics, are indignant at the slowness with which Congress moves in this tariff matter. Delay to them means not only loss of business, but ruin to many, if the uncertainty be prolonged. And what is true of the metal business is true of many other great lines of industry and trade.

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Postmaster Hesing, of Chicago, has attacked President Cleveland most bitterly in his newspaper, the Illinois Staats Zeitung. He declares that "no President has made greater blunders in his appointments." Probably Mr. Cleveland now agrees that his appointment of a postmaster of Chicago was a blunder.

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We find it impossible to discuss the Breckinridge case from the lack, in the English language, of adjectives strong enough to properly characterize the conduct of the hoary-headed old libertine.

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There never was a better year to vote the Republican ticket than in 1894.

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The Wilson bill is a splendid Republican vote-maker.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Princess Elizabeth of Austria smokes thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty cigarettes a day.

Mrs. Wilkins L. Wilson, wife of the well-known Congressman, is very quiet in her tastes and is a close student of political economy.

Mme. Marie Deraismes, the most eloquent advocate of woman's rights in France, has just died at the age of 70 years. She was a free thinker.

Miss Kate Sanborn, of St. Louis, Mo., has been elected City Librarian of Manchester, N. H. She is a daughter of the Hon. E. B. S. Sanborn, of Franklin, N. H.

Christine Nilsson has a fancy for furs of rare lace and exquisite workmanship. For that matter, so have most other women. Only Christine has the ability to gratify it.

Mrs. W. H. Clifford, the novelist, has more distinguished scientists as friends than any other London woman can show. Herbert Spencer and Huxley were once frequent callers at her house.

Mrs. Henry H. Rogers has presented Fairhaven, Mass., with a town hall. When it was dedicated the other day a special train was run from Boston, carrying the governor and a number of leading citizens of Boston.

Leonide Leblanc, the recently deceased Parisian beauty, whose charms have been a favorite theme with the press of that city, was the daughter of a poor laborer, and her mother is said to have begged on the streets.

The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Mrs. Hamersley, of New York, is prodigal in the expenditure of her millions. Last Christmas she gave $12,000 worth of presents to people whom she casually met at a party in England.

Princess Victoria is said to be the cleverest of the daughters of the Prince of Wales. She is 25 years old, hearty, jolly, full of fun and spirits. She carries on at least half of her mother's correspondence and is full of energy and resources.

Queen Victoria is a colonel of dragoons. This may sound funny, but it is a fact, her majesty being honorary colonel of a regiment of Prussian dragoons. The honorary colonel has just presented her regiment with a pair of beautiful and costly kettledrums.

The Hon. Nellie Bass, daughter of the English brewer, conformed to the new fashion of wearing no gloves at her recent wedding in London. An unusually pretty hand and some extra lovely rings are likely to incline the possessor favorably to the innovation.

Mrs. Sophia B. Rasmussen is the business manager of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York. She has just been elected a life fellow of the British Imperial Institute. There are only twenty other members and she is the only woman member in the United States.

### PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged 90, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition, asking the New Hampshire legislature to grant the right to vote to women.

Lord Rosebery once introduced a bill to substitute an elective senate for the House of Lords. He is said to be heartily in favor of removing the veto power of the lords.

Lady Pauncefote, with her three daughters, will go abroad about the middle of April to stay until autumn on the continent. Sir Julian will join his family later in the spring.

Clark Russell, jr., son of the celebrated novelist of the sea, is about to bring out a novel of ocean adventure which, it is said, will compare favorably with the works of his gifted father.

Rudolph von Bennigsen, whose political services in consolidating the German empire are rated only second to Bismarck's, will retire from political life next July, when he reaches his 70th year.

Judge Ewing, of Uniontown, Pa., has made Mrs. Sarah Elkins a tipstaff of the court, to have charge of the ladies' waiting-room and look after the female witnesses and prisoners and take care of their rooms.

Miss Kate Field originally intended to go upon the operatic stage, and was a pupil of Manuel Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind. Garcia, it may be added, is still teaching, though he enters his 90th year this month.

Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, of San Francisco, has retired from the position of regent of the California state university, after occupying it 26 years, the whole life of the institution. Judge Charles W. Slack succeeds him.

Charles H. Burns, who will oppose Wm. E. Chandler's candidacy for the United States Senate in New Hampshire, is described as an able, earnest, vigorous, pushing man. He is an attorney, 55 years of age, and has a large practice.

Captain Andrew Jackson Berry, a veteran of the Texan war of independence, hunted buffalo in 1836 on the spot where the city of Houston now stands. Subsequently he was present when the first tent of the new settlement was stretched.

Francis Thompson, whom Coventry Patmore and other critics rank as one of the really good younger poets of England, has been reclaimed from a life of vagabondage and is now living at Capel-le-Ferne, a monastery in Wales. He is 32 years old.

### PERSONAL POINTS.

George R. Platt, still hale and athletic, is the last survivor of Sheridan's daring horse-and-saber scouts.

Dean Wayland, of the Yale law school, says there is no truth in the report that Mr. Edward J. Phelps intends to resign his professorship of equity and international law.

William Carroll, of Deerfield, Mich., who is a confirmed thief, got a sentence of fifteen years a few days ago for stealing 20 cents' worth of oats from a farmer in the neighborhood.

Prince Poniatowski's title is one of courtesy, though it is recognized at European courts. He is a descendant of the army favorite whom Napoleon placed on the throne of Poland.

John Burns, the labor member of the House of Commons, has delighted London with a pun purely English. Correcting another member for reference to the House of Lords, "Not as the gilded chamber, sir, but as the guilty chamber."

**LOOK OUT FOR IT!**

We are just completing arrangements for the most remarkable literary feature ever brought out in America. We hope to have the plans sufficiently completed to make a definite announcement of their scope in next week's issue. Meantime we promise Blade readers that there is a genuine treat in store for them, something that will make the good old Blade more anxiously awaited than ever before.

## Publishers' Column.

**WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.**

**The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.**

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

**LADIES' WATERPROOFS.**

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inverness shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length, to be taken down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $7.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

**THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.**

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade on year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

**NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.**

**It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.**

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish as easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth patterns requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

**Prices.**

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 dozen teaspoons | $1.25 |
| ½ dozen teaspoons | .80 |
| 1 dozen tablespoons or forks | 2.35 |
| ½ dozen tablespoons or forks | 1.35 |
| 1 dozen dessert spoons or forks | 2.00 |
| ½ dozen dessert spoons or forks | 1.15 |
| 1 dozen table knives | 2.25 |
| ½ dozen table knives | 1.25 |

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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No intelligent person can afford to be without an Encyclopaedia. It is a library in itself. You can find therein what you want to know upon all facts pertaining to the domain of History, Biography, Chemistry, Religion, Geography, Literature, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Agriculture, and in fact the entire cycle of the arts and sciences. It stands in the same relation to all departments of human knowledge, as Webster's Dictionary does to the English language. To possess a good Encyclopaedia puts in your hands the power to reach facts on any given topic within a minute's time.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. Its particular and unique value is its happy solution of the problem of fullness and convenience. It is neither bulky nor superficial. It is the book of reference for the million. Chambers' Encyclopaedia has always occupied a front place among the cyclopedic works to be coveted.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

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We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

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There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting

One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
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11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
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Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

**RECENT LITERATURE.**

**The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.**

"A Protege of Jack Hamlin and Other Stories" by Bret Harte, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. These short stories are as graphic in style as were those by which the author first won his popularity. There is the same love of nature, the same artistic purpose, the same power of word painting, and a like sense of humor. The present volume contains six stories, the first one giving the name to the volume.

"Apprentices to Destiny" is a novel by Lily A. Long, which is published by Merrill & Baker, 74 Fifth avenue, New York City. The opening scene is laid in Chicago, but a little later on it is shifted to a pretty little town about a hundred miles away. The heroine is a young girl who believes that she has a mission in life, which is pointed out to her by a socialistic idealist with whom she is brought into contact.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have just issued a new and revised edition of William Black's "The New Prince Fortunatus." The hero is a young man who has a magnificent voice, a fine presence and who wins friends everywhere. There is much of a musical character about the story, and many incidents of high life.

"Earth Revisited" is the title of a story by Byron A. Brooks, which is published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston. The name gives some idea of the character of the book. A man dies just before he reaches fifty years and leaves his wife and family with wealth and the advantages which that gives them. He is perfectly conscious when he passes out of the body and reviews both the past and the present, and in an agony of mind begs of God to give him one more opportunity. Then consciousness goes and he is dead. He, however, revives again and finds himself a young man, watched over by a beautiful young maiden whom he recognizes as one he had loved and lost in the life which he believed to be ended.

"Reed's Rules" is a manual of parliamentary law by the well-known Thomas B. Reed, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Few men are so well versed in every minutiae of parliamentary law as ex-Speaker Reed. His long experience, his habits of observation, and his literary skill all combine to make a book of the kind really nigh faultless. It is clear, concise, minute, and positive. Every point is made plain and easily understood. It is the best book of the kind published, combining as it does, the wisdom of a statesman of experience with the keenness of the veteran parliamentarian of a hundred fierce battles.

"The Mystery of Abel Forefinger" by William Drysdale is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. This volume belongs to the Young People's Series. It is a story telling how a rich old planter in Trinidad writes his brother, an American farmer, that he would, with his son, reach New York harbor upon a certain week—sailing in their own ship—and he asked that his nephew be allowed to accompany him and his son in a long cruise among the West India Islands.

A pretty little book of most charmingly written stories is that entitled "John Ingerfeld" by Jerome K. Jerome, which is published by Henry Holt & Company, New York City. The first thought of anything from Mr. Jerome's pen is of something humorous. These are, however, to be judged from another standpoint, that of real pathos. Anything more touching than John Ingerfeld's love for the girl he did, and so also of the "Woman of the Sacter," it would be difficult to obtain aught more wierd and uncanny.

"A Child's History of Spain" by John Bonner is published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and is a handsomely illustrated volume written in easy style, with an excellent arrangement of the events of Spanish history.

"In Direst Peril" is a novel by David Christie Murray, the author of "Time's Revenges," "The Weaker Vessel," etc., which is also published by the Harpers. No one caring for the stories of men of action will fail to read the narration of unparalleled events should fail to read this peculiarly interesting volume.

The Harpers also publish "The Penance of John Logan and Two Other Tales," by William Black. This is a new and revised edition belonging to the new edition of the works of this readable author, which is gotten out by this house.

"Waring's Peril," by Captain Charles King, is a story of army life which was published in Lippincott's Monthly, and found so much favor that it has been brought out in book form by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. It has the characteristics that always render the army tales of this author so popular and always welcome.

The following are among the novels published in pamphlet form:

"On a Margin," a story of these times by Julius Chambers, appears in the "Lippincott's Choice Literature," published by F. T. Neely, Chicago.

"For My Own Sake," by Marie Bernhard, author of "A Household Idol," etc., is translated by May Stuart Smith, and published by The International News Company, New York City.

In the Madison Square Series, published by C. W. Dillingham, New York, appears "Undercurrents," by Richard B. Kimball. "Courtship and Marriage," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, is also issued by Dillingham in his Home Series.

**IN ELSA'S EYES.**

In Elsa's eyes, when I look deep,
I see a little god asleep.
Hush! lest he waken and surprise
Me watching—futile all disguise
Hereafter, should he steal one peep.

Unless I rouse him, I must keep
My secret smothered in my sighs.
Why should I fear to see him leap
In Elsa's eyes?

Who will not sow may never reap—
I'll dare to be so deeply wise.
And wake the god that sleeping lies
Beneath the lashes downward sweep,
Where shadows o'er the violets creep,
In Elsa's eyes.
—Vogue.

**The Black Boy Has Opinions.**

The German traveler, Herr Ehlers, who is now staying in Berlin, is accompanied, says the Daily News, by a bright little black boy, who has won his way to the affections of all the guests at the hotel. Some of his opinions, and he has many, have been collected by a Berlin paper. "Germans," he said once, "have no feelings;" and to the emperor, "I don't think the Germans very intelligent. Because I am a black boy they think I belong to the lower animals." Again, a prominent man about town once addressed him as a "little black devil." "Sir," replied the boy, "you forget that you are of noble birth."—London Globe.

**Musical Item.**

Fannie—You say your husband is a great whistler?

Jennie—Yes, indeed; you ought to hear him some time when my milliner's bill comes home.—Texas Siftings.

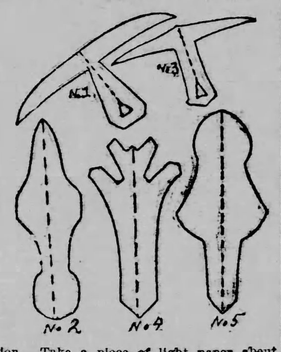
## FINE BIRDS EASILY MADE

**ANYBODY MAY CONSTRUCT THESE TOY SHIPS.**

**Get Out Your Paper, Shears and Pins and Make Some—No End of Graceful Flights.**

The possibilities of home made amusement have been recently considerably extended by an invention of Mr. William A. Eddy, of New York, says the Sun. Mr. Eddy, with no other materials than a piece of paper and a paper of pins, has succeeded in making an aeroplane which flies with considerable success. This was only a few days ago, and now all Mr. Eddy's friends down town spend their luncheon hours in snipping out designs in paper, balancing them with pins, and sending the impromptu birds fluttering about in the air.

Anybody can make an aeroplane, although probably no one but a man who, like the inventor, has studied aerostatics for years, would have thought of so simple a construction as the present one. There is no patent upon the invention, nor will there be one, because of its simplicity, and the ease with which the floaters can be constructed. The original paper aeroplane is that numbered 1 in the illustra-




tion. Take a piece of light paper about six or seven inches wide, cut it in the shape of the illustration, crease it lightly down the middle, weight it by sticking two pins through it in the places indicated by the dots, then stand on a chair and drop it. Instead of fluttering clumsily to the floor it will go forward in a long, graceful swoop, and light gently at the other side of the room.

Now pick it up and slightly bend one of the wings. This time when liberated it swings gracefully around in a circle, then circles again, reaching the floor after a course describing a perfect spiral. Bend the other wing and it circles in the opposite direction. This aeroplane is built after the model of the albatross, whose wing measurement is six times its length. It is known that the albatross can beat against the wind without motion of its wings, and Mr. Eddy thinks that some day an aeroplane that can do the same will be made. In the office of Coombs, Crosby & Eddy, at 73 South street, is a big porter named Mike Collins. Mike was immensely interested in the aeroplane. Finally he ventured to ask for the loan of it to make one himself. The next day Mike appeared triumphant.

"I've cut a hole in my bird," he announced, "and sure he flies elegant and flutters his wings."

Mike showed the design numbered 3, and dilated on its merits. By noon every porter in the place had a "bird" of his own, and when the original inventor went down in the afternoon room 73 was a new design. he found the men perched on bales and boxes challenging each other's "birds" to a race.

"I'll match the Pride o' Erin agin 'any bird that flies paper wings," announced one.

"I'll go you from her to the corner for a dime," responded another. "Here's back-in' the American Eagle against the field."

"White Wings is in that." "I'll enter the Tailless Wonder." "Make way for Sky Scraper."

There were a dozen entries in no time, all the aeroplanes being built on the same general plan, with minor variations in cut and weighting. It was an exciting race,

THE ALBATROSS IN FLIGHT.

but all the "birds" tended to curve, and only the "Tailless Wonder," a very large albatross, cut sharp bellied, reached the corner. The contest suggested to Mr. Eddy that a flat aeroplane without wings would go more directly, so he constructed one on the plan numbered 2. Some of his friends to whom he showed it trifled with its shape until they evolved number 4, which is not so rapid, but very graceful, and with a decided tendency to circumscribe in nooks and corners. Then Porter Mike took a fresh hold and carved out the peculiar looking bird seen in illustration 3.

This one did peculiar things, so he perforated it and made it still more eccentric. Now he's hard at work making new experiments on this general design and expects to turn out something great presently. The other porters declare that if all Mike's prophecies come true he'll construct a paper bird that will not only fly to order, but will sing "Hail Columbia" in time to the fluttering of its wings. Another good design is number 5, which is a rapid flyer. It goes best when weighted with one very large pin close to the head. By perforating any of these aeroplanes they are made more steady, and if the perforations are small they seem to add to the buoyancy.

The designs given above are a few of the very many made by Mr. Eddy and his friends. Mr. Frank J. French, of the American Engineer and Railroad Journal, has a fine assortment and is constantly making new experiments. All over the office buildings down town the idea has taken hold, and sailing these toy air ships bids fair to be the popular amusement of the day for business men. Those here, however, who look on it with suspicion. A few days since Mr. French and a Sun reporter went to the Boreel building on Broadway to try some of the toys from the seventh floor. A number of interested spectators gathered in the different galleries to watch the graceful course of the paper birds.

An albatross was first set off. It started with a long swoop across the open space, curved to the wall, and fluttered along undecidedly; then made a dash for a pretty typewriter on the fifth floor, who put out her hand to catch it. But the aeroplane was not to be ensnared in beauty's net so easily. It wheeled, swept across the space again, made a beautiful long curve, and sank to the floor. After it, like a hawk after a pigeon, came a big "dive," one of the broad, flat aeroplanes, without wings. It reached the floor about the same time as the albatross, and fell at the feet of a middle-aged man, who stooped aprubtly and regarded it with suspicion. Turning his eyes upward, he beheld another one approaching. Then he went and called the janitor, who came in a hurry just as two more birds fluttered into each of the galleries, to the great delight of the spectators.

The janitor is a man without scientific instincts, but with a fully developed sense of his own importance. He examined one of the fallen birds, touched it with his foot, picked it up gingerly as if in fear that it might bite him, and pricked his finger on the pin. Hastily dropping the bird, he climbed into an elevator and ascended to the seventh floor, where he found Mr. Eddy sending down more flyers. Fully impressed with the belief that the paper toys were in some occult way a menace to the building in his care and custody, he insisted that Mr. Eddy depart at once. In vain were the expostulations of the spectators. To their remarks and to all the bird flyer's explanations he returned only abuse. In fact, he became very much excited and threatened to call in his assistants, the owner of the building, and the police. Then he rushed out to look for an officer, but returned again to make sure that during his absence one of the dreaded and mysterious paper things hadn't exploded and torn down the building. When Mr. Eddy and the reporter left the little janitor was furiously rushing about in concentric circles as if he expected by some magic process to evolve a policeman from the center. Mr. Eddy remarked that it was one of the incidental persecutions to which science was subjected, and that next time he would get permission of the owner of the building.

Thus far the paper aeroplanes have merely served as amusement; but Mr. Eddy believes that in their development they will eventually solve the problem of aerial navigation.

**Chicago's Vaulting Ambition.**

Nothing is now required except Governor Flower's signature to wipe Brooklyn off the map. This postponed the total eclipse of New York for awhile, but Chicago is bound to do it.—Chicago Dispatch.

**A Query.**

Miss Oldone—Oh, yes, I am related to the great Queen Anne, you know!

Mr. Selfmaid—Oh, indeed! Were you sisters?—Truth.

**THE FIEND.**

And amongst the beasts fed he;
At night, in the cold dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Where music circled sweet;
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart.
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshipped before the fiend.

Ah! well if he ne'er had knelt to that fiend.
For a taskmaster grim was he;
And he said, 'One-half of thy life on earth
I enjoin thee to yield to me;
And when, from rising till set of sun,
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be':
And the poor man ne'er said 'No!'

The poor man had health, more dear than gold;
* * * * * * *
And the fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,
'Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshipper art mine';
And the poor man ne'er said 'No!'

Three children blessed the poor man's home—
* * * * * * *
'Bring forth thy little ones,' quoth he,
'My godhead wills it so!
I want an evening's sacrifice;'
And the poor man ne'er said 'No!'

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire—
* * * * * * *
Foul fall the fiend! he gave command,
'Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs;'
And the poor man ne'er said 'No!'

* * * * * * *
Next the fiend his godlike reason took,
And amongst the beasts fed he;
And when the sentinel mind was gone,
He pilfered his soul also;
And—marvel of marvels!—he murmured not:
And the poor man ne'er said 'No!'

* * * * * * *
And the name of the fiend was, 'Drink.'"
—Rev. Mr. Macleilan.

**An Amusing Game.**

An amusing game which children like is played thus:

Three or more players sit around the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the players draw a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over

the first fold to guide the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the paper is then passed on to the left-hand neighbors. Then each player draws a body, also carrying the lines a little below the fold. It is then passed on as before, and the legs are drawn in the same way and folded over. Then they are opened, and if well done, cause a great deal of laughter. Of course each person does not know what his predecessor has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different, and look like the drawing given herewith.

**ROLLICKING BLADES.**

**Tennyson in Politics.**

Break! break! break!
On the bleak Salt River shores,
And I would that my tongue could echo
The sound of the fateful oars.

Oh, well for the President's brain,
Or what he thinks is such,
That he's very obtuse to the signs of the times,
And cannot reason much.

And the cruel elections come,
And they wipe the floor with him,
While they whisper the dreadful fact in his ear
That they soon will douse his glim.

Break! break! break!
O party of treason and spoils!
For the people's day will come at length,
When your party dies in the toils.

**Frigid.**

"I have seen just twenty summers," said the simpering maiden lady.

"You are a Canadian, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know that Canada is a very cold country, but I did not know that any portion of it was in the frigid zone, where they do not have any summers."

"What do you mean?"

"I wondered how many years you lived in the region of perpetual winter."

**Deteriorating.**

"Ah, doctor, that last whisky you prescribed did not seem as good as usual."

"I don't understand that. They told me it was the best Kentucky bourbon."

"Well, maybe the whisky there, like the statesmen, has deteriorated. The Breckinridge example is a terrible one."

**Not a Lenten Joke.**

"You must give up drinking," said the doctor, gazing into the ruddy face of a new patient.

"I never drink, sir."

"You must give up smoking."

"I never smoke, sir."

"You must give up chewing."

"I never use tobacco in any form, sir."

"Well, then you must give up—"

"Well, sir, what must I give up?"

"Your pocketbook."

**A Political Poem.**

Grover, Grover,
Three years more of Grover;
And then three decades if not threescore
Of years before
The Democratic party power once more,
And root their snouts in clover.

**A Map Goes With This.**

Oh, pray who put the Dayt-on Ohio?
What doctor is Lansing Michigan?
Who lost their Jacks-on Mississippi?
Why did the girl wear her Cape, Ann?
Who threw Arkansaw's Little Rock?
Did that cause her to make Hot Springs?
Is Alabama's face Mobile,
Though a "Butte" from wild Montana sings?

**"When the Old Cat's Away," Etc.**

"Our kitty must be real rich, ma,"
"Why, what do you mean, Helen?"
"When you were away last week, pa had lots of friends here nearly every night, playing cards, and I listened at the door several times, and heard them say, every few minutes, that they would give something to the kitty. Weren't they real nice?"

**En Route.**

"Funny how a pig in a meadow wanders around, rooting here and there, to find some dainty under the surface,"

"Yes, he's like the railroad traveler," said Roysterring Blade.

"How is that?"

"Why, he gets his food en route."

**Cheese It.**

"Did you hear about Harry Jerome?"

"No. What is it?"

"He is in bad odor lately."

"What has he been doing?"

"Biting Limburger."

**Wordsworth Again Heard From.**

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Going to be married, sir," she said.

"What will your name then be, fair maid?"

"Don't know—what is yours, kind sir?" she said.

**That Exquisite Boston Taste.**

"I'm sorry, dear," said the Boston lady. "But the new cook will never, never do."

"Why not?" "Oh, her taste is awfully shady;
She served the greens in a dish of blue."

**Proving a Proposition.**

"That woman doesn't know beans," remarked Damascus Blade.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because she lived in Boston."

**A Clever Writer.**

"Don't you think little Carrie Chickabiddy is very clever? She writes such sarcastic sketches, and shows off her friends in such ludicrous lights."

"I hadn't thought much about it, but she certainly has one advantage over Dr. Holmes in her dialogues."

"Oh! do you think that?"

"Yes. You know it wasn't safe for him to be as funny as he could."—Puck.

**A Candid Southerner.**

We fully agree with that distinguished Democrat, Abram S. Hewitt, in his estimate of the Democratic representatives from the South.—Chattanooga Press.

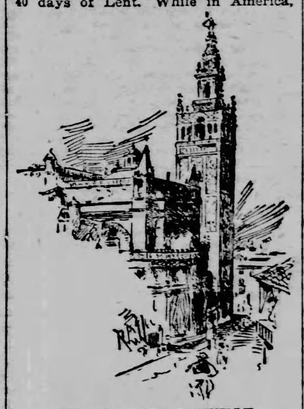
—Perfect health is seldom found, for impure blood is so general. Hood's Sarsaparilla really does purify the blood and restores health.

## HOLY WEEK CEREMONY

**EXCITEMENT ATTENDING ITS CELEBRATION IN EUROPE.**

**Washing of the Feet of Thirteen Poor Priests by the Pope—Russian Ceremonies.**

The great mass of people in America have a very faint realization of the excitement attending the celebration of Holy Week in Europe. This name is given to the last week of Lent, closing with Easter Sunday and beginning with Palm Sunday. It is also called Passion Week, though the Roman and Greek churches apply that name to the preceeding week, commencing with Passion Sunday. In all the Anglican, Greek and Roman churches, the Easter season is one of joy, of religious feeling, of freedom from the restraints of the preceding 40 days of Lent. While in America,



THE GIRALDI AT SEVILLE.

Christmas-tide has precedence in popular esteem, as a season of festivity, in Europe the season of Easter is exalted over all other fasts and feasts. The greater number of Protestant churches do not celebrate this week, but its observance is increasing.

Commencing with Palm Sunday, in which palm branches are blessed and borne in procession by the people, to symbolize the everliving life, it is designed to commemorate that day when the people cast palm branches in the way of Christ, as he entered into Jerusalem.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the Tenebrae (or darkening of the churches to prefigure the darkness of the crucifixion), is chanted. A huge candelabra, bearing fifteen candles, disposed in the form of a triangle, and representing Christ, his apostles, and the prophets who foretold his coming, is lighted. While the psalms are sung, the tapers are extinguished one by one, until the topmost one, representing Christ, only remains. Then this is taken down and carried behind the altar, during the Miserere, after which it is put back in its place, to signify the temporary withdrawing of Christ's light. Thursday being the anniversary of the establishment of the eucharist, and of the priesthood of the new law, is distinguished by two ceremonies of great significance, which take place at the solemn mass in cathedral churches. The first is the consecration by the bishop, assisted by twelve priests, in full sacerdotal costumes, of the oils used in the administration

THE CHURCH OF ST. ISAACS.

of the sacraments, etc. The next is the washing of feet of twelve poor persons, while the choir sings St. John's "Mandatum novum." This day is known as Maunday Thursday, as baskets or maunds of food are brought for distribution to the poor. In Rome, the Pope washes the feet of thirteen poor priests, in memory of the apostles, including St. Paul. While the Gloria in excelsis is being chanted on this day, the bells suddenly break out in joyful peals, and then remain silent, until the mass of Holy Saturday when the Gloria is chanted.

On Good Friday, which Americans will remember as the anniversary of Lincoln's death, the altar is stripped, to signify the desolation of the church; the prophecies pertaining to Christ's sufferings, the passion of St. John are sung, and the procession proceeds to the sepulcher, whence the host is brought back, and offered to the people for adoration, and consumed by the officiating officer. On Saturday, the services begin by the blessing of the "new fire," obtained from consecrated flints and steel which are kept in the churches. The flint symbolizes Christ our Rock, and the fire the Holy Ghost. The clergy return in procession, singing the Litany of the saints, and the joyous mass, with its Alleluias, a foretaste of the resurrection.

In Paris, especially, and at most of the European capitals, the fashionable

PROCESSION OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

women appear in full mourning. Great requiem masses are produced for the first time, and solemn and splendid processions and services prove the steadfastness of Christ's followers on earth. Russia, as one writer expresses it, is turned into a vast camp meeting.

Of all countries of the earth Russia is the one where Easter is celebrated with the greatest ceremony and with evidences of rejoicing from czar to peasant. Every one goes about embracing and kissing, and crying out: "Yes, the Lord is risen. He is risen indeed."

The streets are packed with the throngs that gather and increase as midnight approaches. The Neviski Prospect stretches for several miles through the city, crowded from end to end with carriages, droshkis and pedestrians. Kazan cathedral and the cathedral of St. Isaacs, the northern rival of the great Roman church, are the most attractive points. At the latter admission can only be gained by favor, and beneath its golden dome that shines conspicuously afar above St. Petersburg, there is a crowd of the nobility, the majesty and the respectability of the Russian Empire.

The first part of the ceremonies, priestly procession and rites, is over at 2 o'clock in the morning. All around the sacred edifice long rows of paschkas and colitchies, clotted cream and currant cake, are waiting to be blessed by the priest, before their owners can sell them. As you leave the church, high up over the blazoned windows colored panes reafs the form of a gigantic cross of fire, and from brazen urns on the cathedral towers, wave the tall flames in the keen morning air. Faint, sweet, tender as a dream, comes the sad music of the distant bells, filling the air with throbs of melody.

**CUPID'S LOTTERY.**

**The Effect of a Man's Calling on His Chances of Marriage.**

The lottery of marriage and the chances of mankind therein have been investigated with great thoroughness by a Parisian physician, according to M. Paul Bourget, the French novelist. After studying the effects of various callings in life upon a man's chances of success with the fair sex, the doctor has come to the following conclusions:

| | |
|---|---|
| Magistrates— | |
| Lawyers, notaries, etc. | 5 chances in 100 |
| Physicians | 10 chances in 100 |
| Pedagogues— | |
| School teachers | 25 chances in 100 |
| College professors | 5 chances in 100 |
| Officers— | |
| Under captain | 90 chances in 100 |
| Above captain | 5 chances in 100 |
| Painters | 80 chances in 100 |
| Sculptors | 50 chances in 100 |
| Musicians | 10 chances in 100 |
| Architects | 50 chances in 100 |
| Actors— | |
| Tragedians | 20 chances in 100 |
| Tenors | 60 chances in 100 |
| Comedians | 90 chances in 100 |
| Business men— | |
| Clerks | 80 chances in 100 |
| Floor walkers | 20 chances in 100 |
| Proprietors | 5 chances in 100 |
| Literary Men— | |
| Journalists | 50 chances in 100 |
| Dramatists | 10 chances in 100 |
| Novelists | 15 chances in 100 |
| Poets | 30 chances in 100 |
| Brokers | 2 chances in 100 |
| Bankers | 2 chances in 100 |

Comedians have nearly all the chances there are going, it seems, and the junior military officers come next. Why bankers should have the poorest show for winning matrimonial prizes is not so apparent.

**"The Old Clock on the Stairs."**

Ernest Longfellow, a son of the great poet, is said by the Jewelers' Circular to have a token of remembrance of his father which money can not buy. It is nothing more nor less than "The old Clock on the Stairs," made famous by his father.

The clock was formerly owned by Thomas G. Appleton, and at his death the heirs, thinking the clock was of particular value to Ernest Longfellow on account of his father's connection with the ancient timepiece, donated it to the son of the poet, so that now it adorns a nook in the stairs of his home at Magnolia.

**Every Man Should Read This.**

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, atrophy, vericocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain, speedy and permanent cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1603, Marshall, Mich.

**A Sharp-Tongued Judge.**

Some of Mr. Justice Matthews's obiter dicta will be long remembered, such as the remark, "The truth will occasionally leak out, even in an affidavit." Here is one of the latest: In a dispute as to what took place before a judge at Chambers, counsel, who, like his opponent, was not present there, remarked, "Experience shows it is very unprofitable to refer to what took place there when neither counsel were present." "Often still more so," said his lordship, "when both were."—Pall Mall Gazette.

**Italy's Submarine Boats.**

Italy leads the way in submarine navigations, and telegrams from the great naval arsenal of Spezzia describe the trial trip of the new submarine boat Pullino. After embarking the two vice-admirals commanding the port and the arsenal, the boat disappeared under water and traversed the entire length of the gulf, returning to the surface in close proximity to the training ship Maria Adelaide, against which it feigned to discharge a torpedo. The trial was a complete success in every particular.

**A Bad Breuk.**

"How did you lose your fiance?"

"Oh, I saw papa on the street and I said: 'There goes poor papa.'"

"What should you have said?"

"I suppose I ought to have said: 'There goes rich papa.'"—Truth.


# Tell the Truth

**I and you and every other person are just alike—we want to deal with an honest person, with such an article.**

If you have tested all quack doctors and nostrums only to grow older and worse, send me your address and those of friends similarly afflicted, and by return mail be convinced, at my expense, that man never did, can or will compound the equal of V-ORE for the cure of any human ill man is heir to. It is the only pure, true, revitalizer, re-life giving constitutional tonic needed by all needing a cure. It is not made by man, and nothing is added or extracted. It is the best blind tea out of the earth, for all needing any remedy. It is not sold to the drug trade—only on direct orders and through local agents. THEO NOEL, Geologist, Chicago, Ill.



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| " 15 | 15 " |
| March 1 | 9 " |
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$100 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY. Send 2 cent stamp for particulars. Onondaga Seed Co., Syracuse, New York.



Regular. First Week. Second Week.

WEAK MEN

INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 14 days. Never returns. I will send sealed FREE to any sufferer full particulars how to strengthen weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1519, Marshall, Mich.

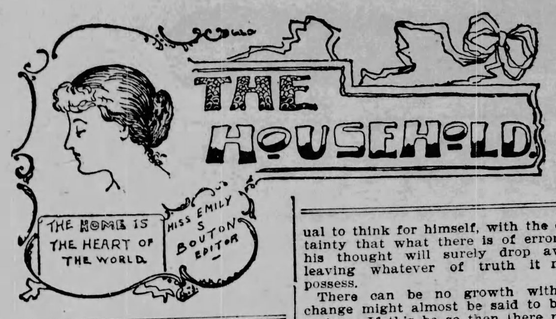
The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $3 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag; its weight is 1½ ounces only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good garden or kitchen knife for the mother and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.


# A Grand Offer

TO THE READERS OF

# The Toledo Blade.

GREAT PROPOSITION
TO OUR READERS.
MAGNIFICENT POR




### WE LOVE BUT FEW.

Oh, yes, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day;
We love but few.

We love! We love! What easy words to say
And sweet to hear
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And, far and near

Are breath of flowers and caroling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light; we do not weigh our words
At morning time!

But when the matin music is all hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust,
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love,
The words have grown!
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty hands,
No mortal strait,
Nor death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide and many names are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer year by year,
We love but few.

—Woman's Tribune.

## HOME TALKS.

### THERE CAN BE NO GROWTH WITHOUT SOME CHANGE.

### Do Not Mind the Word "Crank"—Seek New Thought When It Accords With Your Ideals.

There is a fashion among the majority of people of looking upon a change of thought or conviction in any direction as a proof positive of a shallow, unthinking nature, one subject entirely to impulse, at the mercy of every new wave of thought, and therefore, whose opinions are not to be regarded or respected. Especially is this true if there is an enthusiastic upholding of the new idea and then, in time, a receding which is either real or apparent from it, into another phase of thought arousing equal interest with the older one seemingly left in the background.

Now the real truth is, there can be no growth without change. Everything in nature shows that. To-day the ground is white with snow; the trees shake and toss their bare branches in the wind, while only in the humid atmosphere of conservatories and hot-houses, or in the sunny windows of the home under the loving care of its mistress, are fragrant flowers unfolding to the light and breathing forth their sweetness. It will be but a few days, almost it might be said, to-morrow, when the snowy robe will have vanished to appear no more for long months, but in its place the soft green of the upspringing grass will clothe the earth in beauty. Out from the swinging branches tender buds by the thousands will push forward, and drape a soft greenery over their nakedness, while starry-eyed blossoms everywhere tell the story of the new awakening. No one dreams of reproaching Nature for these changes of temperament, all in accordance with the law of life, and all in the end to subserve evolution into better conditions.

In the intellectual world the same great law is at work. New theories are put forth; new discoveries are made in accordance with them, completely upsetting the old ideas and by and by the thinking world adjusts itself to the change. Not that there is in reality anything new in the world; it is only new to our apprehension. The earth was no more spherical after Galileo's discovery than it was before, only the humanity of the period had not reached a knowledge of the truth. The law of evolution, of development—call it what we may—brought the change of thought, which was growth.

This, too, is true in the world of spiritual thought. Ideas may crystalize in what seems adamantine hardness, and there seems no change possible. And yet it never stands still, for where there is a desire for truth, the "heavens unroll as a scroll," and as much as the human intellect, as the human heart is ready to receive may be read therein.

Katherine Pearsall Woods well says: "There have been periods in the world's history ere now when some truth, hitherto overlaid and obscured by the traditions of men, has started out upon the palimpsest of history with such youthful freshness and vigor as to be appropriately called a new birth. This new birth comes to an individual at a time; then suddenly it is found to be a part of the conscience of the race; so that it has been said that in every reform there has been three stages: In the first people say, 'It is absurd;' in the second, 'It is irreligious;' and in the third, 'Everybody knows that!'"

Look over the history of all the great reforms the world has accepted, and see how true this is I need only mention the single one of human slavery. It does not seem possible that the time was, and not so long ago, when the Bible was used in the pulpit and out of it to prove the right of one man to hold another in bondage, and that men were mobbed for denying this right.

A certain degree of conservatism in accepting proposed changes is wise always, but hospitality to what is called new thought should never be denied. Angels may be entertained unawares in this direction as well as in any other. And there is nothing more unjust, nothing more unlike the Christ-spirit than to condemn unheard, or unexamined, whatever has vitality enough to make its way and be accepted by even a small part of the thinking class in the community. And more especially is this true, when it is seen that this acceptance has, in no sense, degraded the mental or the spiritual life of those who believe that they are thus taking a step forward. To be tolerant does not involve the giving up of sacred convictions. It only permits freedom to the individual to think for himself, with the certainty that what there is of error in his thought will surely drop away leaving whatever of truth it may possess.

There can be no growth without change might almost be said to be a truism. If this be so then there may be a better even to a good thing or, at least, a better understanding of the good and hence a wiser action. We know that there are infinite possibilities to life; that if humanity is evolved to this stage, there are numberless stages beyond for it to reach, and that it can only come to each by patient climbing. As the multitude is made up of individuals, individual growth becomes of paramount importance and that can only be made through independent thought and freedom of opinion.

The gist of what I want to say lies here: If your neighbor, who has hitherto walked by your side believing what you believe, passes away into another path once, twice or thrice, do not condemn him as a changeling; do not hold him to be utterly depraved; do not treat him as unworthy of respect; do not shut him away from your brotherly love and offices, but believe him, until he proves otherwise, to be actuated only by a desire to reach the highest ideal of life. His way may not be your way, but it may be a good way for all that, and quite as likely to bring him to the beauty and glory of the at-one-ness with the Divine which we all hope to reach. Should he be mistaken, his will be the loss.

Then there is but the one course to be taken by the individual who leaves the beaten path to enter one which seems to offer him more of the highest realities for which his earnest soul has been seeking. With patience, with gentleness, but with firmness, he must meet and bear whatever of ridicule, of contumely may be heaped upon him for his departure. If his thought leads him upward; if it helps him better to bear misfortune; if it gives him more strength to carry life's burdens; if it better satisfies the hunger of his spirit, he can well afford to smile at those things and let them pass by without regard. It is not creed, not so far as they shape the life that is lived; so far as they lead him to be true to his higher, better self. That is what tells the story.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

## HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

### A Suggestion for Householders Who Are "Home-Bound."

I visited a clever friend the other day, and came home as I always do from her society, with several new ideas, one of which I want to "pass on" to the Household to-day. She was called away to attend to some household duty while I was there, and left me to entertain myself with a case of "blue prints." There were some very fine views among them, and on her return, I asked her who had taken them.

"I, myself," she answered, smiling at my blank looks; for they all bore date of the last year, and I knew she had not been from home in that time.

"This," she said, taking up a glimpse of trees, with the gray walls of a large residence showing between, "this is a view of the S—— house, as seen from my attic window, looking east. I cannot show you the entire original, as this was taken when the trees were in leaf, but the house is there. "This," a pasture scene with some Jersey cattle contentedly chewing the cud, in the shadow of some fine trees, "is to be seen from my sewing room window to the south and all these were taken from one window or another of this very domicile."

"But here is one with a little lake in it," I argued. "There is no water within sight of your windows."

"Not now, but do you remember early last June those two rainy days that came together? The ground to the west of the house is low, and parts of it were submerged at that time, and I took advantage of that for my 'lake scene.' While this one, that appears to have a river running through it is merely a view of the asphalt pavement during a shower; and this, is our vegetable garden transfigured by the effect of the clouds in the back-ground, and the strange light, that I caught one day during a thunder storm."

"I had often noticed," she continued, "as I went about my work, how every window in the house framed a lovely landscape; and when Tom brought home the kodak, I determined to have some of them for future reference. Try it yourself, and you will be surprised at the beautiful, ever-changing view you will find within plain sight of your windows."

I have tried it, and I want all the Householders to try it also. This is a good time of year to begin, for though fields are brown and branches bare, Dame Nature will soon be astir, and she lays on her colors rapidly. If you cannot see green fields and trees coming out under the strokes of her brush, surely everyone of you can look at the sky, and her very best touches are put on that, though we seldom appreciate the fact.

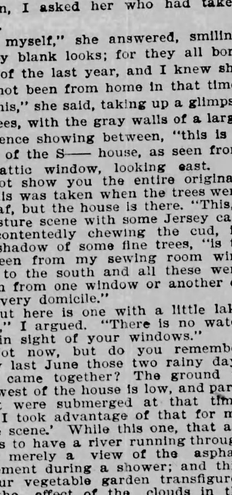
Do your work near a window when it is possible, and though your body is "home-bound" by domestic cares, your thoughts will go journeying on the wings of the freshmen and beauty outside, to other springs, and summers and autumns, when life perhaps held more of pleasure and less of care; and you will wonder why people go abroad, for change and recreation, when there is so much of both at their very window-sills.—L. A. F.

## WITH SKILLFUL NEEDLE.

### Many Things Can be Made That Are Decorative and Useful.

### A Wall Pocket.

Use one of the small palm leaf or pasteboard fans for this purpose, the latter being better if it is covered



smoothly. Take off the handle and cover back with light pink or blue silk. Make the pocket of velvet, having it full as shown in the illustration. Line the pocket with the same color silk as the back was covered with. Sew on and turn frill down in front so as to show the lining. The frill is made by the elastic which is drawn in across the front. Finish with gold or silver lace around the edge and with ribbon knotted at the top to hang it up by.

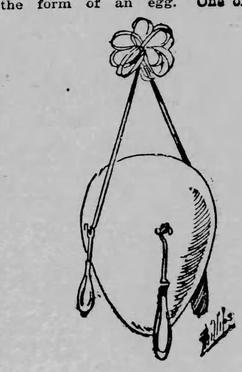
### Milkmaid Housewife.

This is a little novelty which makes a pretty gift. Get a wooden doll five or six inches in height, and dress it up in surplice waist and a full skirt. Make the base of pasteboard, using two thicknesses in order to have it firm, sewing the bottom of the skirt to it after it has been covered. It should be round and about three inches in diameter. Have an apron of

white flannel leaves for the needle book. Make a hat of pasteboard with a broad brim, the edge of which may be used for pins, and the crown to hold the thimble. Of course the hat must be neatly covered. A bone crochet needle is fastened to the back and spools fastened to each end representing pails. Pins are also stuck around the base at the bottom of the skirt.

### Easter Gifts.

In the current number of the Delineator is a chapter devoted to the Easter season, and two or three of the pretty things described are shown here. One is a button-hoop rack in the form of an egg. One of the

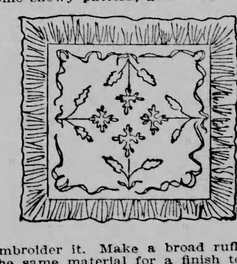


wooden eggs used for darning stockings is prettily decorated with sprays of flowers, and then brass hooks are screwed in around the center. Suspension ribbons are fastened to two hooks, one on each side, and a full bow is made at the top. A brass chain might be used to suspend it if liked better. This is very simple, and can be easily made.

Another is a Fancy Pocket for trinkets. Two discs are cut out of cardboard and covered with light yellow silk under boiling cloth. Between them them is a puffing of red silk, discontinued across the top in order to leave an opening. Upon one of the discs paint an egg, and make it to represent a human face. Under it paint in silver or sepia the words "Easter Greetings." Ribbons are fastened to the sides to hang it up by.

### Pretty Tidy.

This is for use on the rocking chair of the guest chamber. Cut a square of linen lawn. Have it stamped with some showy pattern, and then etch or



embroider it. Make a broad ruffle of the same material for a finish to the square. This ruffle may be edged with a very narrow lace if desired.

## SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### And a Letter About the Education of Children Worth Reading.

### Household Hints.

Have any of the Household ever used mosquito netting for dish-cloths? It makes excellent ones. Take a half of a yard and fold it back and forth as many times as the width will allow, and tack, as a comfort. These are easily kept clean, if washed in hot soap suds after each meal.

Scour your tinware with kerosene and whiting.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it. It will take the color entirely out.

To clean your tea or coffee pot: Fill it with water, and put in a piece of hard soap. Set it on the stove and let it boil an hour. It will be as bright as new.

To make a stove polish equal to "Enameline": Shave up equal quantities of hard soap and stove polish; boil slowly with enough soft water to dissolve it. To use it, moisten with a little water, and rub on with a brush.

To clean silver: Take 2 drachms of aqua ammonia, 2 ozs. of alcohol, 1 teaspoonful precipitated chalk. Always shake well before using, and polish with a piece of soft flannel.

Use a short handled paint brush to wash the outside of window sills.

To take out mildew: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon; lay it on the part, on both sides, with a brush; let it lay on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

For starch polish: Dissolve 2 ozs. of gum arabic in 1 pt. of boiling soft water; let it stand all night; drain off into bottles; use 2 tablespoonfuls to 1 pt. of starch.

To make your clothes wash easy: Mix 1 tablespoonful of kerosene oil with 1 pt. of soft soap, and soap all the white clothes; put them to soak over night, and you will have very little rubbing to do.—Laura Golden.

### Education of the Young.

In the editor's Home Talk of Feb. 22, she truthfully portrayed a condition and a theory. More than forty years I have been earnestly engaged in trying to convince the great army of teachers that the efforts of a child can be shaped, and cured of mind wandering. The real cause of incurable mind wandering is the pernicious habit of setting a child to study a lesson before his memory is in shape for such an exercise. No wonder that adults "fail to concentrate upon a single thing, but allow a wild mob of ideas to go trooping through their brains, dissipating their forces and accomplishing nothing." Fifty years ago I spent several months with surveyors in Iowa; in hiring chainmen we found that those totally free from book education were not so liable to mistakes. Further, I have found that the class of educated people who are able to concentrate their minds upon their work are those who were trained in the elements of reading at home, where teaching is natural. I would have you recommend to mothers the practice of training the memory of children at an early age. They delight in being thus trained. Give them useful facts to be held for a short time, to be reproduced. This may be often repeated, and in time the exercises may be more difficult. The first efforts of a child to hold a fact by repetition will in a greater or less degree result in a cure of mind wandering.

Oral teaching (primary) in the city schools is now quite common; this is the reason of the chasm between the city and country schools.

The oldest rhymes of childhood have been useful in fastening on the minds of children the habits of systematic memorizing; even Mother Goose belongs to the higher civilization. I repeat: The practice of forcing very young children to memorize from a book, before they are able to read well, is pernicious, and subtracts much from their future scholarship. —Jonathan Hunt.

### C. H. S. OF OHIO.

"The Children's Home Society of Ohio" has a bright, intelligent orphan boy, 8 years old, at our temporary home, 560 Indiana avenue, Toledo, O., for whom we wish a Christian home outside of this city. Possibly some reader of "The Household's" column of The Blade will be glad to receive him and educate him for the Master. He is very affectionate, devoted to his mother's memory, active and obedient, and if well trained will, with God's blessing, be a noble boy.

We have also a very lovely and loving girl baby, aged 11 months, who had a good home, but the lady is sick, and her physician thinks it unwise to add this little one, whom they all love, to her little family of boys.

Besides we seek a home for a boy of 11 months, with light blue eyes, light hair and complexion, son of a healthy, strong mother. He has just recovered from the measles and is well recommended.

If any one knows of a childless home or a homeless child we shall be glad to receive particulars. A girl from 2 to 2 years old and one from 4 to 6 years and a dark-eyed boy from 2 months to 12 months old are applied for. We place our children in approved family homes for three months on probation, and watch over them till of mature age. Outside the city we have boys and girls from 6 months to 13 years needing homes. Our motto is "The best thing for the child."—H. Veysey, District Superintendent, 560 Indiana avenue, Toledo, O.

## RECIPES FROM EAST AND WEST.

### What the People Eat—The Cook's Congress.

The request of the Household Cook for recipes from the different states was not fully understood. The idea was to have recipes for what might be called representative dishes of each part of our great country, sent to the Household for the benefit of all readers. Some have sent us recipes for many very expensive dishes, such as would be beyond the means of any but very wealthy people to use, and certainly could not be such as were most popular with the people in general. There are good cooks in every community, and we would be very glad to have them send us recipes for those dishes that are most popular with their friends. The first response to the cook's request came from a friend who forgot to give her address with her name, so that we can not know where the folks enjoy such good things. First she tells us how to make

### Mock Mince Pies.

1 1-2 cupfuls of bread crumbs soaked in 1 cupful of water; 1 cupful of molasses; 1 cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of vinegar (if the vinegar is very strong use 1-2 water); 1 cupful chopped raisins; 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and 1-2 of a nutmeg. This will make three good-sized pies.

### Molasses Layer Cake.

1 cupful of molasses; 1 tablespoonful of butter; 1-2 cupful of buttermilk; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in 1 tablespoonful of water; 1 teaspoonful of vinegar; 1-2 teaspoonful of salt and 2 cupfuls of flour. No eggs. Bake in 3 tins and put together with jelly or icing.

### Rice Pudding.

2 cupfuls of boiled rice; 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar; 1-2 cupful of raisins; 2 cupfuls of new milk. Bake 1-2 hour in a moderate oven.

### Chicken Dumplings.

1 egg, well beaten; 1 cupful of sweet milk; 1 pt. of sifted flour; 1-2 teaspoonful of salt; 2 tespoonfuls of baking powder. Stir all well together and drop the batter, a spoonful at a time, into the boiling broth from which the chicken has been removed. Boil gently for 15 minutes without removing the lid of the kettle.

### Delicate Muffins.

1 egg; 1 cupful of sweet milk; 1 tablespoonful of shortening; 1 scant teaspoonful of salt; 1 2-3 cupfuls of flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in well greased muffin-rings, or drop by spoonfuls on a baking tin, and bake in a quick oven. Serve as soon as out of the oven.—Helen Porter.

Next we received a list from Omaha, Nebraska, that makes one wish they could live in that city of hills and valleys—(as it seems to be to a stranger, though they do say the natives do not mind it at all). The friend sending this list is so modest that she desires her name withheld from publication, giving all of the credit to the city.

### Hickory-Nut Cake.

1 cupful of butter; 3 cupfuls of flour; 2 cupfuls of sugar; 1-2 cupful of milk; 5 eggs; 1 pt. broken hickory nuts; 1 lb. seedless raisins; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Flour both raisins and fruit and add to the batter the last thing before putting the cake in the oven.

### Delicate Cake.

3-4 cupful of butter; 2 cupfuls of sugar; 1 cupful of sweet milk; 3 cupfuls of flour; whites of 8 eggs; 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; a little salt and citron to taste.

### Snow Pudding.

Dissolve 1-2 box of gelatine in 1 pt. of cold water. When soft, add 1 pt. of boiling water; the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons; 2 1-2 cupfuls of sugar; whites of 5 eggs beaten to a froth and added when the pudding is cold. To be eaten cold with the following:

### Sauce for Snow Pudding.

1 qt. of rich milk, the yolks of 5 eggs beaten with 2 whole eggs; 1-2 cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, and cook like boiled custard.

### Cookies.

1 cupful of butter; 2 cupfuls of sugar; 4 eggs; 4 cupfuls of flour; 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk and 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Roll quite thin and bake in a quick oven.—Omaha Housekeeper.

To be Continued.

## TAKE NOTICE.

We have this week the usual number of inquiries on various subjects, from the price of good whisky to how to remove corns from the feet, that are signed with initials only, or with no signature whatever. It would seem that if any person who had confidence in the editor's ability to answer their questions would not be afraid to sign their names to their communications, especially when they know, or should know, by this time, that no attention is paid to articles that are not signed with the correct name and address of the person sending them, as well as the name they wish to appear in the paper.—Ed.

### Inquiries.

Will you tell me how the word "sachet" is pronounced? Some pronounce it just as it is spelled, and others quite differently. I would like to know just what is right.C. M. Wright.

The word is pronounced as if spelled sa-shay, the first "a" having the sound of a in "ah," and the final "a" having the long sound. This is as nearly as we can give the sound of a French word on paper.—Ed.

Will some one tell me how I can wash a white silk handkerchief so that it will look as well as new?—A New Comer.

Helen:—Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the author of the lines you mention:
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you—
Weep, and you weep alone."
—Frances H. Wilson.

Answers to "Helen" have also been received from "A. M. V.," and "J. H. M."—Ed.

Will some one give directions for making a fashionable dress for commencement day? Something inexpensive desired.—Graduate.

Will some one send directions for canning fruit as it is done in the factories?—F. P. Phipps.

Can Jean Hunt tell me how to color an all-wool serge—royal purple now? Would like to color it brown, black or most any color besides purple.—Cynthia Goodrich.

Will some one tell me if I can paint another picture on an academy board that has been painted? I have two that I do not like, and would like to use the same boards for other pictures if possible.—Susie.

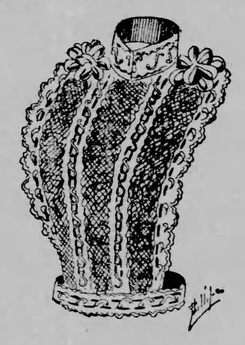
### Answers.

Olive E.:—We have repeatedly stated in this column that we cannot forward private correspondence to any address. This answer will apply to letters from J. C. S. and Eleanor K.

Josephine R. W.:—Send to Harper's, New York, for their catalogue of books, or write to any of the book firms who advertise in The Blade. In this way you can obtain fuller information than we could give you.—Ed.

Lydia:—You can obtain the book you mention, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," at any large bookstore.—Ed.

Mrs. L.:—Here is a pretty vest of lace to wear with your black silk, when you wish to use it for a dinner



or evening dress. It is, as you see, made of two kinds of inserting, through one of which black velvet, or some other color of ribbon is drawn. The edge is a hadsome lace to match the inserting. The vest is fastened to the waist under two full rosettes, made of narrow ribbon, like that drawn through the inserting.

Ada E. N.:—While we are very much interested in any charitable work, and doubt not that the one you mention is a very worthy one, it is quite impossible for us to do as you wish. If you stop to consider how much time it would take to do the writing you speak of, you will see at once that one who is as busy as an editor has to be, could not attempt it. As to "breaking the chain," if we did so, it would be only one of a great many of such "chains" that we receive during each month.—Ed.

Some subjects for essays for "Bess": "The Achievement of Happiness," "The Kaleidescope of Life," "Manners," "Fighting Windmills," "Old Egypt," "Circles," "Free," "Heroism," "Old China," "The School of Life." Hope you will find one to your liking.—Laura Golden.

Marietta:—Comb your hair so that the ends will be as even as possible; hold it firmly a short distance from the ends, and burn them off with a match, twice a year. This will prevent the hair from splitting, and will insure their growth.—Blanche.

Correspondents will confer a favor upon the editor if they will not send inquiries or answers on postal cards.—Ed.

Cynthia:—Morning glories, wild roses, apple blossoms, or ivy leaves in autumn tints make beautiful decorations for wine-colored felt. Use mauve, madder lake, or rose madder, and silver white for flowers. Deep chrome yellow, Prussian blue, burnt sienna and burnt umber for leaves of morning glories; rose madder and silver white for wild roses, and apple blossoms and all the rich, warm tints for the ivy leaves. The berries may be made of ivory black, Prussian blue and white.—Mrs. M. E. Pierce.

### BE MY SWEETHEART.

(Eugene Field's First Love-song.)
Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring:
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflash with the gracious blush
Which this rippling month foreshow;
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold:
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

### THE MERRY-GO-ROUND GIRLS.

So many of the Merry-Go-Round girls have written in favor of admitting the boys to membership in their circle, that the editor has decided to make the experiment, and admit them on trial. All that will be required of them is that they shall write on some interesting subject, and that there shall be nothing rude or ungentlemanly in their conduct at the weekly reunions of the circle. There are many subjects on which they can write that will add much to the interest of the column. The editor owns to having a special reason for admitting the gentlemen, which reason she will keep a profound secret until she is satisfied whether or no she has judged correctly of one possible result of such an arrangement.

In order to conciliate Mrs Grundy and have the social meetings perfectly proper, it will be necessary to have a chaperone for the young people, and one has been found who will prove to be not only a "prudent" counsellor, but a kind and sympathizing friend; one in whom you can confide, and who will never chide any member of the circle for aught that is proper, even though it may not be very wise, for she is not yet so old that she has forgotten that she once was young. But she has no patience with those who mis-spell their words, who use "slang" of any kind, or who send to her a carelessly written, blotted or dirty-looking letter; neither does she approve of letters written on a postal card. With this warning, the editor introduces to the Merry-Go-Round girls and boys the chaperone—Miss Prudence.

My first duty as your chaperone will be to introduce to you some strangers, who are waiting for the welcome which I am sure you will not withhold. First, comes a bit of "Sunshine" from Western New York, who will some day, when women are granted the privilege of voting, understand what she is about, as her favorite studies are "civil government" and "physiology." Her favorite authors are Whittier, Longfellow and Tennyson—a glorious trio. "Sunshine" asks that some one will suggest a poem suitable for a 16-year-old girl to recite the last day of school.

"Lucretia," an Ohio girl, is in favor of admitting the boys to the meetings, provided they do not come "expecting to find perfection." She does not believe that there are many "old maids from choice," and owns up to being as fond of a game of cards as of reading a good book.

A modest little 14-years-old girl comes all the way from Colorado, seeking admission to this charmed and charming circle. She hopes some time to be a teacher, and writes such a nice little letter that I think she will be very welcome. She signs her letter "Mabel Norton," and would like to correspond with some of the Merry-Go-Rounds.

Now, then, girls, keep quiet, for here comes "Bertha," a "school mother," as she says one of her pupils called her. She has a very exalted idea of her profession and of the opportunities of doing good that are open to every true teacher, and, in consequence, is, without doubt, very successful in her work. She reads the Arena, is fond of Drummond's works, and is "passionately fond of poetry," pleading guilty of sometimes admiring "even newspaper poetry. Now, Bertha, we must protest against your implied slight upon newspaper poetry, for there is very much that is given to the people through the medium of the newspapers, and which is never seen in any other form, that is of much better quality and fulfills better the mission of true poetry in elevating and comforting those who need such help, than some that is presented to the public in book form, and which is read only by comparatively few.

"Evangeline," from West Virginia, comes with a long list of the best authors as her "friends," and she must have improved every spare moment to have read them all. She thinks that girls should be trained to some special work, so that they may be "independent of the matrimonial market," and closes her letter with a suggestion that each one should tell what kind of work she can do, and what is her highest ambition.

"Polly Davidson," from Montana, makes her bow to the company and finds a kindred spirit in "Lucile" on the subject of music, and in "Mabel Nash" as regards age.

One come now from Indiana, who introduces herself as the daughter of a veteran, a lover of good books and of The Blade (which of itself proves her to be a sensible girl), and, judging from the last sentence in her letter, which I refrain from quoting because I have my doubts as to its meaning exactly what it implies, she is as free from personal vanity as needs be. What say you; shall we not welcome this "Hoosier Girl?"

"Velma," another Ohio girl, gives us a very nicely written letter of introduction There are no blots nor erasures, mis-spelled words nor missing punctuation marks in this letter, which makes its writer very welcome. As she wishes to correspond with some of the girls, you can have an opportunity to enjoy her letters if you choose.

And now, I think we must give a little time to welcoming some of our old friends. Here at my right hand stands "Ferne Hazelton," whose letters, so clearly and neatly written, are always welcome to the editor and compositor:

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: I am very much in favor of a reception, such as proposed by "Nameless." Since our band is steadily increasing in numbers, it seems as though we might have a very interesting meeting, similar to that one held by the members of O. W. C. some time ago.

Girls, let us hear from you all on this subject. And now for a brief chat.

Dear editor, I think we should not be partial to "Carl," but admit all the "boys" who are waiting to have their say." Of course, we may expect disputes as soon as they enter our circle, for "boys are "contrary beings." As I have brothers, I speak from experience.

"Bachelor Nell," after reading your letter, I felt like exclaiming: "Them's my sentiments, tew," for I, like yourself, am no admirer of Shakespeare.

"Daisy Bell," I have read Dickens's "Childs's History of England." It is fine.

In answer to "Prairie Flower's" question, I would say that Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is the author of "The English Orphans." I've read nearly all her works, and like best "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning" and "Millbank."—Ferne Hazelton.

And now listen seriously to the advice that "Rosemary" gives you, for it is on a subject that it, or will some time be of vital interest to each of you:

I would like to send a few suggestions to "Eglantine" in reply to her difficult question, "Is it right to receive the attentions of a young man who was once very bad, but has now joined the church, and is striving very hard to live a better life?" In the first place, what does she mean by receiving attentions? If she simply means to go to places of entertainment with him and receive calls from him without any serious object in view, it would be easier to answer. But it is supposed that when a girl "receives attentions" from a young man that there is a probability of this attention resulting in marriage. "Well," you ask, "if he is now leading a godly life why should she not marry him?" If she were the only one concerned, to marry him might be all right. But she must remember that she is not only choosing her husband and life companion, but that she is choosing the father for her future children. They will inherit their tastes and tendencies from him as well as from herself, and not only from him as he now is, but also as he was before he changed his way of living. When this thought is brought forward, the question of marrying becomes one of infinite importance.

Let her ask herself if she is willing to run the risk of having a son who will inherit the evil tendencies of this man, for he even now has those tendencies, though he is earnestly striving to gain the victory over them. How will she feel if, in the years to come, a son should turn upon her and say, "I am not to blame that I have committed this crime. My father gave me the appetite for drink that brought me to my ruin, and you gave that father to me."

This is not mere speculation, dear girls. Scientists universally concede that inheritance is an all-important factor in the question of individual character and of national character. Upon the decisions of the girls of today depend the character and standing of the nation in a few years from now. If a man "sows his wild oats" in his youth, even though he may repent and live a godly life afterward, he must not be surprised if he reaps his wild oats in his son's downfall. Too many such cases are upon record for this fact to be slighted or looked at carelessly. If the girls would only realize what a terrible responsibility there is in choosing a husband they would be more particular, I am sure. Let them remember that it is not a personal matter merely, concerning themselves alone, but that the fate of unborn generations is decided with their decision. The girl who marries a reformed man is running a great risk.—Rosemary.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When the fat's in the fire it is never wise to throw water upon it. If fat in a kettle boils over and there are ashes convenient to throw on the blaze, it is the surest, safest way to put it out.

The chimney of a lamp should never be touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffine oil, will remove the dimmed, smoky effect, and make the chimney as bright as possible, when it is polished with a soft flannel or chamois skin.

To clean hair brushes quickly and easily, take a dessertspoonful of hartshorn to a quart of cold water in a wash-hand basin. Dip in the hair of the brushes, and rub them together until clean. Then rinse well with cold water; rub dry with a towel and stand upright at an open window.

Keep a dish of water on the back of a tight stove to purify the air.

A clean apron worn while hanging the clothes helps keep them clean.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to one teacupful of water for cleaning jewelry.

Place a strip of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

Powdered pipe clay, mixed with water, will remove oil stains from wall paper.

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## OUR YOUNG FOLKS

### MARCH AND APRIL.

"Ho! ho!" roars the March from out his windy cave,
Like to giant Despair of some new guise.
As at poor earth he rolls huge angry eyes
Till, faith! she's fain all speech with him to waive.
And tremblingly the doubtful succor crave
Of snow and fog until the tyrant flies
Away to other worlds and alien skies,
And she no more his hectoring needs brave.

But naught avails her till from 'neath a hedge,
Up pops a frisky imp in cap and bells.
"Ha! ha!" laughs he, "I'll blunt his fury's edge;
You, earth, shall see how sure my method tells;
Through ridicule—that's keener than an ax—
I, April's Fool, will melt him down like wax!"
—William Struthers in Universalist.

For The Blade.

### JOE'S FIRST EXPERIENCE AT FARMING—WHAT CAME IF IT.

The chill November wind came whistling down the street, and made Joe draw his coat closer to his plump little form.

It would not come together, however, for it had been bought for him two years before, and was then so large that Jane had sewed the cuffs up to keep them out of the way of his hands. Last year they were let down and his coat fitted him quite well; but another year's growth had pushed his little brown hands quite out into the weather.

But who was Joe? you will say.

Well, he was not a bootblack or a newsboy, but he belonged to that class of plucky little bread-winners. It was not bread, nowever, which he was earning now.

Joe lived several miles out in the country with an old man and woman and their daughter Jane. They were not his parents nor his grandparents, and Joe hardly knew how he came there, nor why they kept him; but he did know they were very kind to him in their way, and told him always to call them father and mother. Last year Joe had heard his schoolmates talking of the fine times they were to have at Christmas, and his little heart ached when the day came and went and he had not a stick of candy or a firecracker to celebrate with, much less a penny to give away.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller thought that as long as he had enough to eat and clothes to keep him warm, he needed no more, so months and months would pass and he would not have a coin in his hand.

But Joe was not satisfied; he studied the matter over a great deal during the long winter evenings, after the chores were done and he sat in a corner by the big open fire-place.

Spring came and still he had no way planned by which he could earn the much desired pocket-money.

One pleasant day Mr. Miller told Joe to go with Peter, the hired man, down to the bottom clearing, and help to carry chunks. They took their dinner with them, and stayed all day, working very hard piling up the logs and pieces of wood in great heaps preparatory to plowing.

Down near the creek Joe noticed that a part of the water had taken a new course, and ran in through a low place in the field, leaving a small island of about half an acre.

He said nothing, but thought a great deal, until Mr. Miller came down in the afternoon; then he said: "Father, what are you going to do with that island?" The answer came: "Oh, nothin'; the first June shower would wash anything away which was planted there."

"May I farm it on shares?" said Joe. "Yes; Peter may plow it for you, and you may have all you can raise on it; does that suit you?"

"Yes, indeed; thank you very much," said Joe, staring in utter amazement. Surely he asked the old farmer at the right time.

He was delighted with the idea of farming for himself, and with the thoughts of having a little sum of money all his own; but what should he plant on his farm?

A few days later he was sent on an errand to a good neighbor's house, and told the lady, with whom he was quite a favorite, of his new enterprise; she encouraged him, and gave him nearly half a peck of pop-corn for seed, telling him what a good bird it was, how well it would sell in the city, and that she would buy a bushel of it of him.

Then he begged a few potatoes of Mrs. Miller, and Jane gave him a quart of Lima beans; this, he thought, would seed his little farm.

Joe's farm was low and wet, and he felt rather discouraged because it had to be left unplowed until the last, but finally he got his planting all done.

Then came the waiting and watching; but he did not have to wait long, for the ground opened and a little leaf here and there appeared, until he could see the rows clear across his little farm.

His beans came up, but he did not pull them up and put them back in again, as I have known boys to do; Peter told him better. Then the hoeing commenced, and how Joe did work; for he had to do the chores about the house too.

Next came potato-bugs, which so many farmer boys know quite a little about. Soon the beans began to reach out for support, so he had to cut poles.

The season proved rather a dry one, and everything suffered more than Joe's crop, which grew with all its might.

One day in August Peter took a load of hay to the city, and Joe went along to sell his first picking of beans, and two bushels of potatoes—the proudest boy in the city.

He had no trouble in selling them, nearly half his stock being taken by a pretty little girl, who seemed very much interested in this small market man, and who was accompanied by an elderly servant woman, who locked at Joe so sharply, and asked him so many questions that he was glad when they left him, and he and Peter were jogging along toward home again, himself the proud possessor of nearly three dollars.

Now he had his pop-corn and the rest of his potatoes to tend, and harvest. When the corn was husked, he found, after measuring out a bushel for the lady who had given him the seed, and saving some for home use, that he had two bushels left, and five bushels of fine potatoes.

This brings us back to the beginning of our story, and here Joe is standing on the street this cold November day, and with him an old man; for it was just before Thanksgiving, and Mr. Miller had brought some chickens and turkeys to market, and Joe was selling the last of his produce.

As he was measuring the last peck of his pop-corn, he heard a child's voice exclaim: "Oh, Elsa, there is the little market man again!" and turned to see the same little girl and elderly servant, who had bought his Lima beans in the summer.

The woman asked a few qestions of Mr. Miller, and then led the way across the street, and into a handsome residence, where she quickly summoned a sweet-faced lady, whom the little girl called "mamma."

To her, Mr. Miller, in his stolid, impassive fashion, told the story of their finding Joe on their doorstep eight years before. The whole party drove out to the Miller home that very day to examine some proofs he held of the child's identity, and the examination convinced Mrs. Leslie that Joe was the baby-boy who had been mysteriously taken from her years before.

"I haven't lived in the family all these years, not to know a 'Leslie' when I see one," said old Elsa triumphantly, when this fact was satisfactorily established. It seemed she had at once noticed the resemblance between the boy and his sister, but having no proofs that her suspicions were correct, had not mentioned them to Mrs. Leslie, fearing to cause her a fresh disappointment in case she was mistaken.

So Joe's farming experiment was the means of finding for him his own parents; every bit of the money he earned by it, however, was spent for Christmas presents for his earliest friends, and his summer vacations are always spent at the Miller farm.—Allie Remlap.

## OUR WONDER COLUMN.

### 1.—WHO WAS HE?

I was born about 830 B. C. I laid the foundation of the Spartan army, and made laws which made Sparta a leading nation. Every newly-born babe was tried for his life before a council of old men; if he proved to be strong, he was left with his mother until he was seven years old, when he became a soldier until he was sixty. He owned one nine-thousandth of the public land, and was severely trained by exposure to heat, cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue and scourging. In short, by making various strict laws, I raised Sparta to a "proud and wonderful eminence." I then made the kings, senators and people swear to make no change in the

## POLLARD.....BRECKINRIDGE

### THE SECOND WEEK OF THE GREAT TRIAL.

**Miss Pollard on the Stand—She Tells of Breckinridge's Villainy and Duplicity Toward a Young Girl.**

Washington, March 14.—The testimony of Sister Cecilia, of Pueblo, Col., formerly superior of the Norwood asylum, near Cincinnati, was resumed when the Breckinridge trial commenced this morning.

Sister Cecelia was on the witness stand. Replying to Attorney Carlisle's questions, she said she had a good memory for names but a poor memory for faces. She could not affirm positively that Miss Pollard had been an inmate of the Norwood convent, nor could she say that she had not.

A dispute arose between counsel over the question of admission as evidence of the witness's opinion as to the identity of the young woman. Judge Bradley said that if the question as propounded was intended to elicit the opinion of witness as to the identity of the plaintiff with a certain person who was at the asylum at a certain time it was competent; if it was intended to show that the witness from things she had subsequently learned had become convinced that the plaintiff had at some time been an inmate of the asylum it was incompetent.

The plaintiff's counsel reserved an exception to the court's ruling, and then framed a different question, asking: "What is your opinion as to the identity of the plaintiff with a patient in your asylum in May, June and July, 1885?" which was also overruled, another exception noted, and followed by the question: "What is your belief as to whether the plaintiff was in your asylum during these months?"

"That is a question for the jury," said Judge Bradley.

After the two Sisters had retired, the reading of a deposition by Dr. Kate Perry Kane, of 62 Front street, Cincinnati, who had been, in the spring of 1885, a member of the firm of Drs. Buchan and Perry, was begun by Mr. Carlisle. Mrs. Kane remembered that Miss Pollard had boarded in their house as Dr. Buchanan's patient, under the name of Miss Louise Wilson, identifying the plaintiff positively. From the cross-examination in the deposition, it appeared that Miss Pollard had a miscarriage, and that she was described by Dr. Buchanan as "an unfortunate girl from Kentucky."

**An Important Witness.**

Washington, March 15.—A light mulatto woman dressed in mourning occupied a seat next to Miss Pollard's lawyers in the Circuit court this morning, and looked curiously at Col. Breckinridge and Miss Pollard as they entered the court room.

According to the woman's story, she had been born a slave in Alabama 56 years before. She had lived in Lexington "sence durin' the wah" for 25 or 26 years, a slight discrepancy in the matter of time. Sarah Goss, for she was the woman over whose deposition there was trouble in Kentucky, had "knowed Kunnel Breckenridge since I was a little girl."

"Do you know Miss Pollard?" inquired the attorney.

"I do."

Rising, the colored woman pointed out the plaintiff in black, and resumed her seat. Ten years ago, she continued, Col. Breckenridge had begun to visit her house on Broad street in Lexington, with Miss Pollard. Before the first visit he had called one Tuesday in the summer time, to ask that Miss Pollard be kept there from Friday to Monday, a request which was at first refused, because the witness had no room, but was finally agreed upon.

Friday night just at dusk, the pair came, and Col. Breckenridge was in the front room with Miss Pollard until 11 o'clock. Col. Breckenridge knocked on the middle door for the woman to let him out when he was ready to go.

Her further testimony was as to the relations of Colonel Breckinridge to Miss Pollard.

In answer as to Miss Pollard's age at that time the witness said:

"She had dresses up to the tops of her shoes, a school-girl dress and seemed to be about 17 or 18. Sometimes she wore her hair down her back in a plait."

"Had Miss Pollard ever visited your house before that time she came with Colonel Breckinridge?" asked the attorney.

"No, sir."

"Had Colonel Breckinridge ever visited there before?"

This question raised a breeze. Attorney Shelby was on his feet instantly objecting, the spectators leaned forward eagerly while Sarah spoke up clearly.

"Yes, sir."

Judge Bradley sustained the objection, and the question and answer were ordered stricken from the record. Colonel Thompson offered the explanation that the witness had said that Colonel Breckinridge had visited her before to make arrangements for bringing Miss Pollard there, but, nevertheless, the audience snickered over the answer.

"Did Miss Pollard ever come there with any one but Colonel Breckinridge?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir;" was the answer.

The pair had visited her house about fifty times. A year ago last fall Colonel Breckinridge had come there asking to bring Miss Pollard again, but the witness refused, declaring she wasn't taking people in any longer, although Colonel Breckinridge insisted that witness was the only woman Miss Pollard would trust herself with. Then the witness created a sensation by stating that Colonel Breckinridge had visited her last summer after the suit had been filed, had told her he hoped she would have nothing to do with the case, to which she had replied that she must tell the truth. Colonel Breckinridge had inquired where Marv Scott and Mary Wilson were, saying that he wanted them kept out of the way. He had also asked if Miss Pollard ever came to the house with Colonel Swope, and witness had assured him that he was the only man Miss Pollard had ever met there.

**Miss Pollard's Testimony.**

Washington, March 16.—Those who managed to run the gauntlet of door keepers into the circuit court this morning were unusually numerous and distinguished in appearance. They were able to get an early sight of the principals in the case, for Miss Pollard and Col. Breckinridge appeared earlier than has been their custom.

After the lawyers had rustled their papers for a quarter of an hour there was a ripple of great surprise, for no less a personage than the plaintiff herself walked around to the witness stand; took a seat directly facing Col. Breckinridge and the whole room full of men.

"My father was a saddler," said she coolly in response to an interrogation. "He died in 1876."

"Did anything impress his death upon your mind?" inquired Mr. Carlisle.

"My father was an Odd Fellow and a Mason, members of the grand lodges of the state attended his funeral."

"He left no estate," she continued. "Two of my sisters were taken to live in the Odd Fellows' home. My mamma said I was born on the 30th of November, 1866." She had always supposed that to be the date of her birth and had attached it to all her papers on file in the civil service bureau.

"When did Mr. Breckinridge meet you in 1892?" asked Mr. Carlisle.

"In one of the last days of August, 1892. He met me at the Baltimore & Ohio depot in 1892. He put both arms around me, kissed me, drew my arm through his and led me to a carriage. He told me that all his children had grown up, that he had determined to marry me, and I said I would marry him."

She had stopped at 25 Lafayette Square for a few days during that visit, had seen Mr. Breckinridge every day and added: "He said that he had married his second wife fourteen months after the death of his first wife, and a year after the death of his second wife would not be too soon to marry me.

"I told him we ought not to marry for two years, and proposed to go with Miss Willard on a school trip for young ladies in Europe. He said I must not go and leave him living in rooms, a thing he had not done for 30 years. He put it on the ground that I would be selfish to go, and I did not."

Colonel Breckinridge had paid the expenses of Miss Pollard on her New York visit in the fall of 1892. When the colonel was in Washington she saw him every few days. The question of marriage was resumed at this time, and although no date was fixed the colonel always insisted that a year after his wife's death, which would be in the spring of 1893, would be the time most suitable to him. Miss Pollard said that once on a lecturing trip to New England she had accompanied Mr. Breckinridge. During her stay at Mrs. Thomas'. at 1918 H street, Washington, in 1892 and '93, she had seen Colonel Breckinridge always once a day, sometimes twice a day and often in the evening.

The visit to Mrs. Blackburn was also rehearsed by Miss Pollard, who declared that Col. Breckinridge had introduced her to Mrs. Blackburn with these words: "I want to place this young lady under your protection, for I intend to make her my wife. She is a great deal to me now and will be a great deal more." She repeated the circumstances of Col. Breckinridge's visit to Mrs. Blackburn, when he had explained to her the engagement, and spoke also of the instance when Col. Breckinridge had placed his arm around her, saying: "He was most affectionate and most kind."

"I asked Mr. Breckinridge then, as he was talking of going to Chicago, to name the day when he would marry me. I think I knelt down beside him and put one arm over his shoulder, but Mrs. Blackburn objected."

This was on Sunday, May 14, 1892. The preceding day she had visited the office of Dr. Lincoln with Col. Breckinridge, and the same day went to the office of the chief of police, Maj. Moore, a visit which that official had described on the stand. The second visit was May 17 to Maj. Moore.

Then, going back almost ten years, to the time of her first meeting the defendant in the case, Miss Pollard testified. "In April, of 1884, I was called to see my sister, who was sick at Frankfort. Mr. Rhodes had put me on the car at Lexington. Before the train had gone far a gentleman came to me, saying, 'Your face seems very familiar, don't I know you?' I replied, 'I think not, but I know you. You are Col. Breckinridge.' He asked if he could come and see me. I said, 'My mother and my aunt will be very glad to see you.' After a short conversation he left me."

Miss Pollard's versions of her relations with James C. Rhodes did not vary essentially from the accounts heretofore published, and which are familiar to newspaper readers. This brought her up to the point where she had sent for Col. Breckinridge to address her regarding Rhodes's threat to compel her to marry him, and the manner in which the congressman had put himself in the position of a relative in the sight of the school principal and others. She also related the incidents of his early visits to her at the school, and said that he urged her to go elsewhere with him in order that they might be able to consult over the Rhodes matter more unreservedly. The second time he came he took her riding in a closed carriage, saying the night air affected his throat. She went to the St. James hotel in Cincinnati in February, 1885, by Col. Breckinridge's direction, to consult with female physicians. She was particularly enjoined not to say anything that would connect Col. Breckinridge with her condition at that time.

In reply to questions by Mr. Carlisle, Miss Pollard said Col. Breckinridge furnished the money to defray her expenses in Cincinnati and at the foundling asylum, and that Col. Breckinridge was the father of the child to which she gave birth May 29, 1885. She denied with all the emphasis of which she was capable that she had ever since she met Col. Breckinridge "known" any other man. Col. Breckinridge had taken her to the Elsmore in 1887, where she passed under the name of Mrs. Foster. Col. Breckinridge represented himself as Mr. Foster. She left the Elsmore in a few days because Col. Sam Walter had recognized Col. Breckinridge and told people in the house that his name was not Foster. Attorney Stoll asked if she still had a certain note from Col. Breckinridge, which was mentioned casually, and Miss Pollard replied: "I presume it is destroyed. Col. Breckinridge always told me to destroy all his letters, and I obeyed until recently."

Miss Pollard also testified concerning the birth of her second child in 1888, and recounted the numerous fashionable boarding houses in which she had been installed by Col. Breckinridge.

Miss Pollard produced, on request of her counsel, all the letters and telegrams from Col. Breckinridge that she had preserved. They abounded in terms of endearment and advice affecting her condition. There was also a copy in Miss Pollard's hand writing of a note she had sent the defendant, which began, "My Dear Willie."

Miss Pollard's frame was shaking with suppressed emotion when she was led from the court room on the arm of the elderly sister from the house of refuge.

Washington, March 19.—Pressure for admission to the Circuit court where the Pollard-Breckinridge case is in progress was greater this morning than it has been at any time before.

Several questions were asked by Mr. Carlisle in direct examination as soon as the plaintiff had taken the stand, the first one whether she had ever been married, to which the answer was "No, Mr. Carlisle."

"Who was the father of your first child?" was the next question, to which she replied, "Mr. Breckinridge."

Then in continuation, the plaintiff related in greater detail than she had before the attempts of the Congressman to seduce her, averring that he had told her that he would take her to the house of a dear friend whom he had known in Louisville before he took her to the house of Mr. Rose in Cincinnati. He had told her that she had a wonderful intellect, that a brilliant future was before her, "and I seemed to be completely under the influence of his wonderful powers of persuasion," she said. The first night they had been together they had walked the streets of Cincinnati, as they had done next day after the meeting in the public library. Col. Breckinridge had told her that he would oversee her education, that he would return the money advanced for her schooling by Mr. Rhodes. "He did not accomplish his purpose the first day in spite of his violent attempts," she continued, "and it was only late the second day when we were in the house of assignation in Cincinnati."

Before taking her to the house of Sarah Guess, at Lexington, Col. Breckinridge had arranged that he should send to the school a telegram purporting to come from her mother, which he did.

"Did the sexual relations which you have testified to with Col. Breckinridge, continue after the 29th of April, 1893?" inquired Mr. Carlisle, that being the date of the secret marriage to Mrs. Wing.

"They did up to and including the 17th day of May, 1893, which was the last time I saw Col. Breckinridge," she said, and was about to make further explanations, when the defendant's lawyers interposed objections.

Washington, March 20.—"Miss Pollard, when did you first meet Mrs. Blackburn?" was the first question asked by ex-Congressman Ben Butterworth to-day to the plaintiff in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise suit.

Miss Pollard said she had met the widow of the ex-Governor of Kentucky in the winter of 1890, when she (Miss Pollard) was stopping in Washington with Mrs. Fillette. Mrs. Blackburn had called at the house and the hostess had presented them.

Next after the question about Mrs. Blackburn a letter was handed to the plaintiff, which she said had been written by her to her protector, Mr. Rhodes. After looking at it she inquired why the heading had been torn off, Mr. Butterworth replying that he did not know, and her lawyers cautioned her that it was not her place to ask questions. Mr. Butterworth read the letter to the jury. It was dated Lexington, November 29, 1884. "Miss Hoyt has just asked me for the money for my board," it said, "please, dear, get me that $40 before Saturday without fail, I know anyone with as many friends as you can get it, you can come Saturday evening at 7 and stay until 8:30. Be careful in talking, and we can have a pleasant time. Put the money in an envelope and hand it to me at the door as you go. Yours truly."

"Madeline" was the signature.

Another letter was presented to the plaintiff, scrutinized by her lawyers and read to the jury. It was dated November 27 and began: "Dear Mr. Rhodes:—I am so worried and disappointed that I hardly know what to do. I felt certain that you could get that to-night. * * * * * I was sure a man with as many rich friends as you could get it and especially so near pay day. You can come at 8 Saturday afternoon and no one will be here, though the girls may come at any time. Be sure and come in the afternoon as Miss Bell's friends may be in, in the evening. * * * Yours truly, MADELINE."

Other letters were identified and read. One dated Bridgeport, Ky., Dec. 0, 1884, beginning "Dear Mr. Rhodes," spoke of trifling household matters, the weather, skating, and said: "I never before had to fuss at you for a long letter;" promised to write and tell him exactly what evening to call, and was signed, "Yours, with love." One dated Feb. 19, 1885, spoke of her disappointment at not having received another remittance from him, said she would expect him to-morrow night; could never get over it if she did not hear from him with what she asked for, as she had been expecting it so long, and needed it so much; told him not to come unless he brought it, and said she could not understand the delay, as pay day was two days past.

This was just before Miss Pollard was going away for the birth of her child.

Among the letters were two dated at New Orleans and postmarked Toolesborough, Ky., in which the writer told Rhodes of her arrival in New Orleans: of the weather and other inconsequential things. Other letters some dated at Cincinnati and others at Lexington, asked Rhodes for money, the sum varying from $10 to $40. Mr. Butterworth devoted his questioning principally to the New Orleans letters, and the plaintiff frankly admitted that she had never been in that city.

"Mr. Breckinridge knows very well where I was at that time," she added, "but I was not asking Mr. Breckinridge." Mr. Butterworth remonstrated.

Her explanation when again asked was: "Always when there was the slightest suspicion or questioning took the first opportunity to cover it up. Each one of these letters bears the square mark of that. Mr. Breckinridge would have given me money if he had dared, but I had to seem to be in need of money."

"And you got money from Mr. Rhodes?"

"There would have been no use in seeming to need money and then not take it."

"Did Mr. Rhodes pay you the $40 you demanded in the letter of March 26?"

"I presume very likely he did, although I do not recollect."

"Did he pay you the several sums you asked for in these letters?"

"I have no recollection of it. He may have done so. Things were pretty well mixed up then, because my one idea was not to have Mr. Rhodes ask any uestions that I could not answer. Mr. Breckenridge planned it all."

"Did he dictate those letters?"

"He did the ones dated at New Orleans, as I was never in New Orleans, and I did not know there was such a place as the Fish Market."

"They were all written with a purpose. They are what you have spoken of as blind or wooden letters?"

"Yes, they were as were all my letters written to Mr. Rhodes because there was a great deception behind them."

### SECRETLY MARRIED LAST APRIL.

**Sensational Announcement in the Breckinridge-Pollard Case.**

Washington, March 17.—Two distinct sensations were furnished yesterday in the Pollard-Breckinridge breach of promise trial. The foremost was the appearance of the slender plaintiff on the stand, as a witness in her own behalf, but the one of greatest interest to legal circles was the corroboration of the rumor which has been for several days afloat that Col. Breckinridge was secretly married to Mrs. Louise Wing, in New York, last April, three months before the public ceremony in Cincinnati.

When Col. Breckinridge was shown the dispatch from New York, he refused to admit its truth or to contradict it. His counsel and law partner, Col. Shelby, however, confirmed the report, as did Attorney Stoll. The latter said, when inquiry was made whether the defense would be based on this earlier marriage: "It would not be proper to forecast our case at this stage, but I will say that Col. Breckinridge is to take the stand very soon, and it will all be made known. Until then, neither Col. Breckinridge nor his counsel would be wise to discuss the defense. As for the marriage certificate filed by Dr. Paxton, of course that speaks for itself.

It is improbable that this secret marriage will constitute a new legal factor in the case, for while it occurred on the 29th of April, the representatives which Col. Breckinridge made to Mrs. Blackburn that Miss Pollard was his fiancee were made prior to the secret marriage; the promises made in the presence of Major Moore, the chief of police, being those which were subsequent to the secret ceremony.

### BLAINE'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED.

**She Will Marry Mr. Truxton Beale, of Washington.**

Washington, March 19.—The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mattie Blaine, third daughter of the late James G. Blaine, and Mr. Truxton Beale, only son of the late Gen. Edward Beale, caused quite a stir in social circles at the Capital today.

The date for the wedding has not been set, but it is understood that it will not be before autumn.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.


### DID YOU KISS THE WORLD'S FAIR BLARNEY STONE?

**If You Did, Your Osculation Was Only on One of the Blocks Formerly in a Chicago Street.**

Washington, March 14.—Collector of Customs Clark, at the port of Chicago, has made an interesting report to the Treasury department, one chapter of which concerns the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair. This part of the great exposition was under the direct charge of Deputy Collector J. E. Ralph, who makes public some curious facts as to how the people were fooled by the so-called "Blarney stone," throws out a warning about the growth of the hasheesh habit, and incidentally refers to various tricks of the fakirs to draw out the money of the gullible Americans. Mr. Ralph says:

"At the opening of the Irish village there was one essential thing lacking to make the 'Blarney Castle' a counterpart of the original structure in Ireland, and that was the 'Blarney stone.' The manager, desirous of endowing the visitors with an opportunity for becoming famous spouters, took into his confidence James Riley, a contractor, and requested that he produce a 'Blarney stone.' Mr. Riley secured the services of Charles Thompson, an employe of the village, and these two men, on a dark night in June, repaired to the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Portland avenue, in the city of Chicago, and there dug from the street a limestone paving block, about 18 inches by 8 inches by 10 inches in dimensions. They carried it to the village and placed it in a case which had been received that day in bond—Case No. 97, serial 4,099—addressed to Thomas Baker, Irish Industrial village. This case contained a model of 'The Bells of Shandon.' Invitations were issued to the representatives of the Chicago papers and to Mayor Harrison, the latter accepting the invitation to officiate at the opening of the case containing the famous 'Blarney stone.'

**The Blarney Stone.**

"On the day set aside for the ceremonies, Mayor Harrison could not be present, and Customs Inspector E. W. Matlock was sent for to open the case. The inspector arrived with the invoice for Case No. 97, serial 4,099, which stated that the case contained a model of the 'Bells of Shandon,' valued at $25. He opened the case, and found it checked 'one stone over.' After properly labelling both model and stone, he made his return on the invoice: 'One stone over, estimated value, $500.' This stone was then placed in the walls of the castle, where it remained during the balance of the fair, and was kissed by at least 25,000 people, a fee of ten cents apiece being charged. At the close of the fair, the manager of the village desired to take the stone and exhibit it in a store in the city of Chicago, but was informed that he could not do so unless he made a consumption entry for same and paid the duty. This was done, and on November 24, 1893, I delivered the stone, on a duty-paid permit. Both the inspector in charge of the village and myself remained in ignorance of the history of the 'Blarney stone' until January 23, 1894, believing up to that time that it was imported in 'Case No. 97, serial 4,099.' The invoice on which consumption entry was paid read as follows: 'One piece of stone from Blarney, county Cork, Ireland, value $500.'

### THE RUSSIAN THISTLE.

**Report Made by Assistant Secretary Dabney.**

Washington, March 14.—Assistant Secretary Dabney, of the department of agriculture, has sent to Chairman Hatch, of the House committee on agriculture, a copy of the latest report on the Russian thistle submitted by the division of botany of the department.

The report notes that the Russian thistle made its appearance in this country a few years ago in the wheat-raising region of the Northwest. The damage already done by it is estimated at several millions of dollars, and the thistle is rapidly spreading over new territory, and being more destructive in the region already infested.

All the remedies given, the report says, are directed to destroy the plants before they produce seed, and these are the only remedies so far as known which are effectual or of which there should be any need, except care in cleaning seed. It has been suggested that each farmer whose land is not fenced make a temporary fence by planting a double row of sunflowers about his farm in each season. The cost would be slight, and the fence thus made would doubtless aid very much in the fight, unless the sunflowers so abundantly produced should become troublesome weeds. The building of wire fences to stopping the rolling plants is a remedy seconded by advocated by some. Under no conditions whatever should the cheaper grade of seeds be sown without recleaning.

### FRANCIS E. BROWNELL DEAD.

**He Was One of the Famous Ellsworth Zouaves.**

Washington, March 15.—Francis Edwin Brownell, a historic character of the late war, died in this city this morning.

Mr. Brownell was a private in the Ellsworth Fire Zouaves of New York city and was with that company when it went to Alexandria, Va., the day after the ordinance of secession was passed. When the ordinance was passed Mr. Jackson, the proprietor of the Marshall House in Alexandria, hoisted the Confederate flag over the building. Capt. Ellsworth, on reaching the city, and noticing the flag, went to the hotel and hauled it down.

When on the stairway he was shot dead by the proprietor Jackson, who, in turn, was promptly shot and killed by Brownell. Brownell was awarded a medal of honor by Congress for his act. He was also presented medals and other tokens by citizens of Troy, New York city, Boston and Providence. He was 53 years of age and during his recent illness he has talked in his delirium of his efforts to disclose the conspiracy of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which he investigated while acting as assistant to the provost marshal general of St. Louis. He was a member of Post 88, G. A. R., of Chicago and of the commandery of the Loyal Legion of Washington. He filled a clerkship in the pension office at the time of his death.

### SUPREME COURT SUSTAINS RICH.

**He Was All Right in Ousting the State Officers.**

Lansing, Mich., March 20.—The Supreme court this morning rendered a decision sustaining Gov. Rich in removing Secretary of State Joachim, State Treasurer Hambitzer, and Land Commissioner Perry for gross negligence in failing personally to canvass the returns on the amendment election of 1895.

They hold that it was within the power of the governor to remove such officials under the constitution, and that he has power to determine as to the facts.

A judgment of ouster is entered.

As soon as the decision was read, Col. Atkinson, for the canvassers, announced that he would appeal the case to the United States Supreme court, and asked for a stay of proceedings.

Chief Justice McGrath refused the stay, saying the point could be determined just as well if the ouster went into effect immediately.

The cause leading to the removal of the officials by the governor was gross negligence in permitting the manipulation of the returns of 1893, whereby their salaries, and that of the attorney general, were largely increased.

All of the above officials and several clerks have been indicted by the grand jury on various charges of fraud. The governor will not appoint their successors immediately.

**Big Attendance at the Fair.**

San Francisco, Cal., March 19.—The total attendance at the mid-winter fair Saturday was 66,444, greater than any other day since the opening, when it was above 72,000. The average attendance is steadily increasing, and it is probable it will be much heavier from this time on. Sousa's band Saturday began a five weeks' engagement at the fair.

### GOV. WAITE GOT RED HOT.

**He Prepared to Storm the Denver City Hall.**

Denver, March 16.—The conflict yesterday between Governor Waite and the police force of this city reached a climax. The militia are under arms and the United States troops have been ordered from Fort Logan.

This critical situation has been brought about by the determination of Governor Waite to oust the two members of the fire and police board.

"BLOODY BRIDLES" WAITE.

Jackson Orr and D. J. Martin, whom he removed for protecting gambling houses and placed in office their successors, S. D. Barnes and Dennis Mullins.

Messrs. Orr and Martin having obtained from the district court an injunction restraining Governor Waite from forcibly removing them, were determined to resist to the utmost. They accordingly kept the entire police force at the city hall all day under orders to resist the soldiers if attacked. In addition, several hundred of the toughest citizens, many of whom have records as man killers, were sworn in as deputies by Sheriff Burchinell and placed in the city hall as a reinforcement of the police department.

The first resiment and the Chaffee Light artillery arrived at the city hall at 3 o'clock and Gen. Brooks, commanding officer, delegated Police Lieutenant Clay in command outside of the city, a message to the effect that if the removed police commissioners did not vacate within half an hour the office would be taken by force. Orr and Martin refused to surrender. Before the half hour expired prominent citizens entered into negotiations with both parties to the controversy, with a view to reaching a settlement by arbitration, meanwhile a truce being declared.

On the governor's representation that the state militia would probably be inadequate to cope with the mob that had full possession of the city, Gen. McCook called out the United States infantry from Fort Logan, thirteen miles from here, to act in conjunction with the state and local authorities in clearing the streets and preserving the peace. The United States troops arrived about 8:30 p. m.

Adjutant General Tarsney, an old Indian fighter, has placed the militia strategically in front of the city hall in Fourteenth street. With two gatlings covering the two big Napoleons, loaded with grape and solid shot, trained on the city hall, and four companies of militia in front and around them to stand the crowd off, the excitement is intense and increased by the reinforcement of the local state troops numbering 220 men by the Boulder and Fort Collins companies, of the First regiment, and Second regiment companies from Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

CHIEF OF POLICE STONE.

**How It Began.**

The trouble in the Denver police board began in January. About the first of the year, Governor Waite accepted the resignation of one of the member, for the board is supposed to be non-partisan, and appointed in his place, Hon. A. J. Rogers, an ex-congressman from New Jersey. Mr. Rogers was a close political friend of the governor and a great deal of a demagogue. Shortly after he took his seat in the board, trouble began. Mr. Rogers wanted to run things and his motto was reform. His first scheme was to close every gambling house in the city, and this was the rock upon which the board split. The other two members of the board refused to agree to such a radical move, and Mr. Rogers, discovering that the gambling houses were actually receiving protection from the police with the sanction of the board, preferred charges before the governor against Commissioners Orr and Martin, his two colleagues, of malfeasance in office. A hearing was had before the governor, and he found them guilty and removed them from office. He appointed in their place one Dennis Mullins, a Catholic, and David Barnes, an ex-police judge, both respected citizens. The two deposed members, however, decided not to vacate, and made all the members of the police and fire departments sign an agreement to stay with them. Those who refused to sign were summarily fired. The appointment of Mullins secured the aid of the A. P. A. to the old board, and the sheriff of the county, who is a leader in the A. P. A., joined forces with the police, and for over a week the city hall has been guarded by police and deputy sheriffs.

On Thursday of last week, the old police board secured an injunction through the District Court, restraining the governor, both police boards, the mayor and all concerned from using force or attempting to secure possession of the city hall or from calling out the militia. On Tuesday the court modified the injunction so that the new board could assume the duties of its office, but the injunction as to using force was supposed to be still in force.

In the meanwhile, the A. P. A. phase of the war became very bitter. It was discovered that Sheriff Burchinell had a large number of guns belonging to the militia stored away in the city hall. These guns had been borrowed from the militia last summer during the Arata lynching, and had not been returned. There was a wrangle over the guns, but the adjutant general compelled them to be returned.

The trouble and feeling has been growing steadily worse, until as a climax Governor Waite ordered out the militia to capture the city hall and seat his new board.

**Supreme Court Will Decide.**

Denver, March 17.—The war is over, at least it is so announced by Attorney Stevens, who was in consultation with the governor yesterday afternoon. He says his excellency has accepted the advice of his attorneys, and has consented to submit the fire and police board question to the Supreme court on its merits.

Many regard the governor's military demonstrations as a bluff to show his contempt for Judge Graham's injunction and compel the judge, if possible, to arrest him.

Gen. McCook's ordering the United States troops to this city has been approved at Washington, and he has removed them from the Union depot to the Gettysburg building. Representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, lawyers and prominent citizens have been laboring much of the day with Governor Waite to submit the matter to the Supreme court, which has power to call upon counsel for both boards to present their cases.

## FOREIGN.

### DA GAMA ESCAPES TO A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

**The Capitulation Was Unconditional—The Terms Offered Yesterday by Da Gama Were Rejected.**

Washington, March 14.—The State department has received the following cable from Minister Thompson confirming the Associate Press advices of this morning:

"Rio de Janeiro, March 14.

"Secretary Gresham, Washington.

"After the shore batteries had fired upon the insurgent ships for 30 minutes the latter surrendered unconditionally, Da Gama having previously gone aboard the Portuguese man-of-war. THOMPSON."

**WILL TAKE THEM TO PORTUGAL.**

**Admiral Da Gama and Five Hundred Insurgent Sailors.**

Lisbon, March 15.—Dispatches received here from Rio de Janeiro say that Admiral Saldanha Da Gama, with 500 of the insurgent sailors and marines, is on board the Portuguese corvette Mindello. It is added that the refugees will be brought to Portugal by the Mindello and by the Alfonso de Albequerque.

**WILL NOT SURRENDER DA GAMA.**

**Portuguese Warships Carry the Defeated Officers to Sea.**

Rio Janeiro, March 19.—Judging from the course of events here it is thought the Portuguese government does not intend to honor the request made upon it for the surrender of Admiral da Gama. Sunday afternoon the Mindello and the Albuquerque, another Portuguese warship, having on board Admiral da Gama and 70 of his officers, put to sea.

The destination of the warships are not known. It is conjectured that they will go south to Montevideo and land the insurgent officers there. If they are landed at Montevideo they can easily, if they are so disposed, join the insurgents in Sao Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul.

Yellow fever continues epidemic. The deaths from the disease average 70 a day.

**PRECAUTIONS AT HONOLULU**

**To Prevent Any Uprising of Royalists.**

Honolulu, March 8.—A rumor was afloat Sunday night to the effect that martial law was to be declared on Monday, but as yet nothing has come of it. The marshal was seen and decided the rumor, but nevertheless it is believed that there was some truth in it, and that the government had such an intention. It is known that some fears were felt by the government that if news of a nature unfavorable to the ex-queen's cause should arrive, the royalists would make a last desperate attempt to restore the queen.

For this reason, the plan of declaring martial law was proposed, and the government was ready to take steps to prevent trouble.

A prominent government official said as much to the Associated Press correspondent to-day, and also that it was only at the last moment that the idea was abandoned.

News of the report of the United States Senate committee was received with great demonstrations of joy by the annexation party. They claim that it is the precursor of annexation, and the more sanguine announce that this will be attended during the Cleveland administration. The news seems to have affected the royalists more seriously than any they have yet received. The Bulletin, the ex-queen's organ, is bitterly severe upon the action. News condemnatory of the Stevenson action was confidently expected, and the report was a great disappointment.

**PARIS AGAIN ALARMED**

**By Another Serious Dynamite Bomb Throwing.**

Paris, March 15.—A dynamite bomb outrage, involving the death of the alleged anarchist who threw the explosive material, was committed at about 2:45 o'clock this afternoon, inside the chief entrance of the famous church of La Madeleine. In addition to killing the bomb-thrower, a number of people who were in the vicinity at the time of the explosion were more or less severely injured.

For a time, owing to the smoke and excitement the people who made this discovery did not dare to penetrate any further, but as the smoke cleared away and the people regained their presence of mind, it was seen that the remains were those of a man who was so shattered by the explosion that his intestines and brains lay in all directions, while his blood was spattered over a large area.

Upon the body of the man who had been blown to pieces were found a number of papers and a portrait of Ravachol, the executed anarchist.

When the smoke had entirely cleared away and examination was made of the premises it was seen that the bomb or infernal machine which had apparently exploded prematurely while in possession of the anarchist had done but very little damage to the church.

The door by which the bomb-thrower must have entered the church, according to the police, was the cause of his death, and, as a police official expressed it, "God's will was done." This door opens and shuts with a heavy swing, and it is believed that the bomb-thrower, pushing open the door and having the bomb upon his person, forgot or did not know of the strong swing of this door, and in closing, it struck him and exploded the bomb.

**PASSED THE RUSSIAN TREATY.**

**Called a Gravestone in the History of German Industry.**

Berlin, March 16.—The reichstag finally passed the Russo-German commercial treaty to-day by a large majority. When the debate on the treaty was resumed Herr Hammerstein, Conservative, said that the treaty instead of becoming a milestone in German history as described by the Baron Marschal von Rieberstein, the secretary of state for foreign affairs would rather be a gravestone, inscribed: "Here lies German husbandry, which will not long be survived by German industry."

Herr Sonnenberg, anti-Semitic, described it as a domestic Jena.

To this Herr Liber rejoined that he rather liked it to victories of 1876-71. In the debate Count Herbert Bismarck said that the remark "that the way to Constantinople is through the Brandenburg gate" did not emanate from his father who according to the count, always held that Germany had no interest in the Mediterranean or in the east. The remark, he added, emanated from the present chancellor.

To this Chancellor von Caprivi replied: "I have always attributed the remark to a Russian source. I beg Count Bismarck to better inform himself before he again accuses me."

Count Herbert answered the chancellor by saying that he only spoke in the interest of historical truth, adding that Gen. Von Caprivi's attack upon him was uncalled for.

**Ratifying the Treaty.**

Berlin, March 20.—The Russo-German commercial treaty ratifications were exchanged to-day at the foreign office between Baron Marschal von Rieberstein, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, and Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador.

**BELGIAN CABINET RESIGNS.**

**A Government Bill Was Defeated in the Chamber.**

Brussels, March 20.—Premier A. Beernaert announced to the chamber of representatives to-day the resignation of the cabinet on account of the rejection by the chamber of the proportional representative bill.

The premier added, however, that the ministers would remain in office until the return of King Leopold to Belgium. King Leopold is absent in Switzerland for reasons of health.

**Louis Kossuth Dying.**

Turin, March 20.—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is pronounced to be dying.


## A New Book for Blade Subscribers

—THE—

# "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The endire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

## Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, $75,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

## Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only

# WASHINGTON.

## FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, March 14.—The House yesterday began the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the government, and fair progress was made. Only three amendments of any importance were adopted—one appropriating $43,500 for lighting Hay Lake channel, another $64,000 for the public building at Buffalo, and another of $90,000 for repairing the post-office at New York. The latter was fought by the appropriation committee. The only other amendment of importance was one made by Mr. Morse (Rep., Mass.) to cut off the appropriation for the interstate commerce commission.

The proceedings in the Senate were on an extremely uninteresting character. Without the intervention of any morning business except the presentation of a few petitions and the introduction of some important bills, the Senate took up the discussion of the seigniorage bill. Senators Stewart and Lindsay spoke in favor, and Mr. Dolph spoke in opposition to it, holding that its passage was to destroy existing equality between gold and silver, and the two new Senators—McLaurin, of Mississippi, and Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana—received their committee appointments.

Washington, March 15.—Chairman Sayers, of the Appropriations committee, is making wonderful progress with the Sundry civil bill. Yesterday forty pages of the bill were disposed of, making in all 83 in two days and leaving only sixteen pages more exclusive of two paragraphs, those relating to the coast and geodetic surveys and the Missouri river commission, which were passed over temporarily. No amendments of importance were adopted, although the Northwestern members made a vigorous effort to increase the amount for the survey of the public lands.

The appropriation for the geological survey, which usually encounters bitter opposition, passed unchallenged, the amount appropriated being $414,000.

After the transaction of some miscellaneous business, the bill was passed loaning for one year the Columbian Spanish caravels Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the sundry civil bill.

In the Senate the Bland silver bill was debated yesterday. Mr. Allison's motion to reconsider was lost by a vote of 28 to 45. This is said to be a test vote of the position of the Senators on the bill.

Washington, March 16.—The Senate yesterday passed the Bland seigniorage bill, by a vote of 44 to 31. No other business was transacted. The House has the agricultural appropriation bill under debate, but did not reach a vote.

Washington, March 17.—The sundry civil appropriation bill was debated all day yesterday in the House. Mr. Enloe's amendmen to transfer the coast and geodetic survey from the agricultural to the navy department was defeated after a hot debate.

Washington, March 19.—After a few hours' debate on the pending appropriation bill, the House on Saturday devoted itself to eulogies on the late Congressman W. H. Enochs of Ohio. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, March 20.—There was no important business transacted in the Senate, the entire day being consumed in the consideration of bills on the calendar. Most of these were measures of small importance, among them being several of immediate interest to the people of the District of Columbia.

An attempt was to have been made yesterday, by Mr. Josephs, the New Mexico delegate, to pass the bill for the admission of that territory to statehood, under suspension of the rules, but it being apparent that the Democrats did not have a quorum present, he decided not to make the effort.

Without transacting any routine business the House went into committee of the Whole, and the consideration of the sundry civil bill was resumed.

## WHERE DOES DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY COME IN?

**The Present Congress Will Appropriate More Money Than Its Immediate Successor —Comparison.**

Washington, March 19.—The total of appropriations of the present session of Congress will exceed by a few millions the appropriations of the first session of the last Congress. No official summary has been made by Chairman Sayres, or the members of the appropriation committee, but a comparison of the bills already passed or reported, with those of the first session of the last Congress, shows the total of the bills as they leave the House will be about $366,641,759. The Senate usually increases the bills materially; last year securing increases reaching a total of $5,000,000, so that the aggregate for the present session is expected to touch $370,000,000. Eight of the great appropriation bills have already been reported to the House and three of them have been passed. The total of these in their present stage is $304,041,759. This is about $15,000,000 more than the same bills carried two years ago. The comparison is as follows:

| | 1892-3. | This Congress |
|---|---|---|
| Army, reported | $ 24,308,499 | $ 23,577,284 |
| Diplomatic and consular, reported | 1,604,045 | 1,513,728 |
| District Columbia passed | 5,137,973 | 4,972,094 |
| Fortification passed | 2,734,276 | 2,219,654 |
| Military academy, reported | 428,917 | 400,428 |
| Pensions, passed | 146,737,350 | 151,581,570 |
| Postoffice reported | 80,321,276 | 87,470,935 |
| Sundry civil reported | 27,665,076 | 32,306,382 |
| Totals | $280,127,412 | $304,041,759 |

Of the bills yet to be brought into the House no exact estimate is obtainable, owing to the care with which such bills are guarded. It is believed, however, that the following estimates approximate the bills as they will be reported:

| | 1892-93 (estimated). | This Congress |
|---|---|---|
| Agricultural | $ 3,212,905 | $ 3,150,000 |
| Indian | 7,664,047 | 6,750,000 |
| Legislative, etc. | 21,900,132 | 21,900,000 |
| Navy | 22,543,585 | 22,000,000 |
| River and harbor | 21,154,218 | 9,000,000 |
| Totals | $77,494,777 | $62,800,000 |

Deficiency bills are not included, as they were not among the appropriations for specific government branches. With the total of bills already passed or reported and those estimated, the grand total of this session against two years ago would be:

| | 1892-93. | This Congress |
|---|---|---|
| Passed or reported | | $304,041,755 |
| Estimated | | 62,800,000 |
| Total | $366,322,194 | $366,841,759 |

Should the Senate make no increases, the total would be almost identical with that of two years ago, but with the usual Senate increases the total is likely to reach $370,000,000.

## THE BOATNER RESOLUTION.

**Uncle Sam Will Sue Union Pacific Directors.**

Washington, March 15.—One of the most important propositions yet submitted to Congress will be presented to the House to-day by Representative Boatner, of Louisiana. The proposition will recite numerous defaults of the Union Pacific railroad and contiguous lines to meet the debt due to the United States. It will charge the present and past directors of the road with a violation of their trust, and improper absorption of outside lines and the voting of dividends contrary to law and against the interests of the United States.

**To the Directors.**

It will direct, in the form of a joint resolution, the President shall appoint a special counsel to institute suit the present and past directors, their heirs and legal representatives, to collect $35,000,000, an interest due the United States. With interest, the amount in litigation would exceed $40,000,000. It would be the largest lawsuit ever instituted in this country, if not the largest in any country. By the terms of the resolution the department of justice would be relieved from further action in the Union Pacific cases, and the suit would be prosecuted by special counsel as a special case. The joint resolution places $100,000 at the disposal of the President for the employment of counsel. It is provided that the counsel shall not be in any way connected in present or past service with the Union Pacific road or with any of the directors.

## JUDGE JENKIN'S REPLY

**To the Request From Congressman Boatner's Committee.**

Washington, March 14.—Judge Jenkins, of the Seventh Circuit court of the United States Circuit, has replied to Mr. Boatner, chairman of the Congressional committee, recently created to inquire into Judge Jenkins's injunction restraining employes of the Northern Pacific railroad from striking or leaders from directing such strike.

Judge Jenkins's letter is in response to Representative Boatner's notice that the committee would like to be advised as to the judge's desires as to appearing before the committee.

The judge responds that so far as the writs of injunction are concerned they are matters of court record, and that copies of the writs will be sent to the committee if they desire them. Judge Jenkins says he understands the inquiry to have reference only to the legal correctness of the order of the court, and if such be the case, he can see no good reason why he should appear before the committee.

If, however, the committee intends to inquire into charges affecting his personal or official integrity, Judge Jenkins says, he will appear before the committee and will meet and refute the charges.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## PASSED THE BLAND BILL.

**Senate Votes on the Measure—Thirteen Majority for It.**

Washington, March 15.—The Bland silver seigniorage bill was taken up by the Senate at 12:30. Mr. Carey, of Wyoming concluded his argument, begun before adjournment yesterday, and was followed by Mr. Dubois, of Idaho.

At 2 o'clock the Senate passed the seigniorage bill—yeas 44, nays 31.

The following is the detailed vote:

Yeas—Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Blanchard, Butler, Call, Cockrell, Coke, Colquitt, Daniel, Dubois, Faulkner, George, Gordon, Harrisbrough, Harris, Hunton, Irby, Jones of Arkansas), Kyle, Lindsay, McLaurin, Martin, Mills, Mitchell (of Oregon), Morgan, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Power, Pugh, Quay, Ransom, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Turple, Vest, Voorhees, White, Wolcott—total, 44.

Nays—Aldrich, Allison, Brice, Caffery, Carey, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dolph, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Lodge, McMillan, McPherson, Manderson, Mitchell, of Wisconsin, Morrill, Murphy, Palmer, Platt, Proctor, Smith, Stockbridge, Vilas, Washburn, Wilson—total, 31.

The pairs were: Camden for, with Gray, against; Hill for, with Dixon, against; Jones, of Nevada, for, with Hoar, against; Vance for, with Sherman, against.

## IF BLAND'S BILL IS SIGNED

**It Would Take Two Years and Two Months to Coin the Bullion.**

Washington, March 17.—Should the Bland seigniorage bill, which has now passed both the House and the Senate, become a law, the coinage of $55,000,000 of silver bullion will have to be done at the mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco and New Orleans, which are in fact, the only mints of the government now in operation.

Exclusive of other necessary coinage, the Philadelphia mint, it is thought, could turn out about $1,000,000 per month, the San Francisco mint about the same amount, and the New Orleans mint about $800,000 per month.

The San Francisco mint, however, has only about $16,000,000 in silver bullion on hand, and the New Orleans mint only about $9,500,000. So that after the supply now on hand at those mints had been exhausted, the remaining $30,000,000 would have to be coined at the Philadelphia mint alone. The whole time therefore, which would be necessary to coin the seigniorage would be approximately about two years and two months.

## SILVER COINS IN INDIA.

**Information Furnished by the Secretary of State.**

Washington, March 15.—The President sent to the Senate yesterday a response from the secretary of state to Senator Pettigrew's resolution of the 9th inst., asking what, if any, changes had been made in the weight and fineness of silver coins in India, Russia and the Argentine Republic during the past 20 years, and whether during that time prices of the chief products of those countries, as obtained in exchange for legal tender silver or paper money, had increased or diminished. The secretary says that his department possesses but little information of the nature required.

The requirements of the resolution, he says, can, in my opinion, only be fully and satisfactorily met by directing the diplomatic representatives in the respective countries to prepare and transmit a report bearing especially on the subject matter therein indicated.

## JUDGE LONG'S CASE

**Will Again Come Up in the United States' Courts.**

Washington, March 15.—The pension case of Judge Charles Long, of Michigan, will come up again in the Equity Court of the district within a short time. In the form of an application for a permanent mandamus to prevent the commissioner of pensions from reducing the pension.

A notice that this action would be taken unless additional evidence is filed at the bureau within 30 days was sent to the Michigan Supreme Court justice on the first of this month. Judge Long's counsel will commence in a few days the taking of depositions in Michigan to support the allegations which will be made in the application.

In case of the dismissal of the suit by Judge Cox, of the Ejuity Court, an appeal will be taken to the district Court of Appeals and from there to the United States Supreme Court.

## UNITED STATES MANUFACTURES.

**Interesting Bulletin Given Out by the Census Bureau.**

Washington, March 16.—The census bulletin on manufactures in the United States was made public to-day. The statistics are given for all classes of mechanical and manufacturing industries. The total number of manufacturing establishments in the United States is reported as 355,401 against 253,852 in 1880.

The summary of totals gives the following figures for 1890: Capital, $6,124,475,305; miscellaneous expenses, $630,944,053; aggregate of the average number of employes, 4,771,812; wages, $2,282,823,265; cost of materials used, $5,158,868,353; and value of products, $9,370,107,624. The contribution to the wealth of the country is stated were more clearly shown by deductions, $5,518,868,353, the cost of material used from the value of the products. This leaves $4,211,239,271, as the increased valuation of the raw materials.

## MR. MARTIN'S AMENDMENT,

**Which Constitutes Death in the Service an Honorable Discharge.**

Washington, March 14.—The House committee on Invalid Pensions yesterday ordered a favorable report on the bill of Representative Martin (Dem., Ind.) doing away with the requirement of the honorable discharge as a preliminary to a pension. In many cases death has occurred during a furlough or outside of military duties.

In such cases, no honorable discharge is in existence, and the widow is cut off from securing a pension. The bill makes the death of a soldier equivalent to an honorable discharge, except when the death occurs during desertion.

## BY POPULAR VOTE.

**Joint Resolution to Change U. S. Senators' Election.**

Washington, March 15.—The House committee on election of President and Vice President yesterday agreed to the joint resolution of the chairman, of Virginia, for an amendment to the constitution providing that United States senators shall hereafter be elected by a direct vote of the people, instead of by state legislatures.

## IS IMPROVING SLOWLY.

**Reports From Mexico About Congressman Wilson.**

Washington, March 17.—A dispatch was received yesterday by Representative Strauss, of New York city, from Representative Wilson and son, as follows:

"Guadalajara, Mexico, March 15. "Strengthening slowly; still in bed.

"W. T. WILSON."

**Paid in Sugar Bounty Claims.**

Washington, March 17.—A treasury statement shows that since July 1, 1893, the amount involved in sugar bounty claims was $12,010,353, of which $3,542,001 has already been paid.

## SENATOR CAFFERY CALLS THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

**And Holds Four Aces to Their Full House—The Duty Again Raised on Sugar—The Tariff Bill Reported.**

Washington, March 20.—After the Senate was called to order at noon to-day, Mr. Voorhees, chairman of the Finance committee, reported from that committee the tariff bill, introducing it in a few words. When it had been read by title, Mr. Voorhees rose and said:

"I ask that the bill be printed and placed on the calendar, and I give notice that on the 2d of April—a week from next Monday—I will call the bill up for consideration by the Senate."

The most important change made by the committee in the bill is in the sugar schedule, a change being made by which an additional duty of 1-8 of 1 cent per pound is given on all sugars testing above 98 degrees by the polariscope test, or which are above No. 16 Dutch standard in color.

The provisions abrogating the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty are struck from the revised bill, and a specific declaration is inserted repealing the reciprocity treaties negotiated under the McKinley act.

Other changes made in the revised bill from the bill as agreed upon by the sub-committee, are as follows:

Glycerine is changed back to the rates fixed in the House bill, which are 1 cent per pound for the crude and 3 cents for refined, instead of 20 per cent. ad valorem in the Senate sub-committee bill; licorice 4 per cent. per pound, instead of 25 per cent. ad valorem in the Senate sub-committee bill, and 5 cents per pound in the Wilson bill; blues containing ferocyanide of iron are restored to the Wilson bill rates, which is 6 cents per pound instead of 20 per cent. ad valorem, the Senate sub-committee rates; lime is placed at 15 per cent. ad valorem instead of 20 per cent. in the Senate sub-committee bill and 10 per cent. in the Wilson bill, and the duty is made to include the value of the covering or barrels; plaster of Paris, which was not changed in the Senate sub-committee bill from the Wilson rate of 10 per cent. ad valorem on the ground article, is to pay a duty of $1 per ton; calcined plaster of Paris $1.25 per ton instead of 15 per cent. ad valorem in the Wilson bill; cast polished plate glass, finished or unfinished, and unsilvered not exceeding 24 by 30 inches square 20 cents per square foot instead of 18 cents as in the Wilson bill; all above the dimension given 35 cents per square foot instead of 30 cents as in the Wilson bill; all sheets of iron or steel, common or black, thinner than No. 25 wire gauge, and black daggers iron or steel, pickled or cleaned, is changed from 9-10 of 1 cent per pound to 3-4 of 1 cent per pound, and the provision which the House bill carried but which was stricken out of the original Senate bill that this change shall take effect after October 1, 1894, is restored; tin plate, terne plate and taggers tin 1 cent per pound instead of 1 1-5 cents as in the Wilson bill, the Senate sub-committee not having before changed from the Wilson rate.

In this paragraph the Wilson bill provision that the rate shall take effect October 1, 1894, is restored; cast iron pipe of every description 22 1-2 per cent. ad valorem instead of 25 per cent. in the Wilson bill and 20 per cent. in the Senate sub-committee bill; crosscut saws, mill, pit and drag saws 15 per cent. ad valorem instead of 25 per cent., the Wilson bill rate; aluminum in crude form 15 per cent. ad valorem instead of 25 per cent., the Wilson bill rate. The lead and lead ore duties are left unchanged from the Senate sub-committee rates, as are the iron ore and coal duties.

Oat meal, 15 per cent ad valorem instead of 20 per cent, the Wilson bill rate; castor beans are restored to the Wilson rate of 25 cents per bushel.

The paragraph in the Wilson bill relating to "cans or packages, made of tin, or other metal, containing shell fish" is struck out entirely.

Collars and cuffs are left unchanged from the Senate sub-committee rate, but shirts and all other articles of every description not especially provided for composed wholly or in part of linen, 50 per cent ad valorem, instead of 35 per cent, the Wilson bill rate; playing cards are restored to the Wilson rate of 10 cents per pack, instead of 2 cents per pack as fixed by the Senate sub-committee; pipes, pipe-bowls and all smokers, articles not specially provided for in this act, including cigarette books, cigarette book covers, pouches, for smoking or chewing tobacco and cigarette paper in all forms, the Wilson rate of 50 per cent ad valorem is restored, the Senate sub-committee rate having been 40 per cent ad valorem and the remainder of this paragraph is made to read as follows: "And pipe bowls of clay 10 per cent ad valorem."

The provision of the Senate sub-committee bill for a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem on bananas and pineapples is stricken out.

The following articles are restored to the free list: Cocoanuts and horn strips and horn tips.

In the internal revenue schedule the committee strikes out the provision which the Senate sub-committee inserted first, taxing cigars and cigarettes weighing more than three pounds $5 per thousand and cigarettes in paper weighing not more than three pounds, $1 per thousand and wrapped in tobacco 50 cents per thousand, thus leaving the taxes on these articles unchanged from the present law. The provision in the income tax amendment relating to a tax on building and loan associations which was exempted by the House and stricken out when the Senate sub-committee reported the bill has been restored with the proviso that the tax shall not be levied upon those institutions who make no loans except to shareholders for the purpose of enabling them to build homes.

The following, which was not in either the House bill or the bill as framed by the Senate sub-committee, is inserted:

"Every person whose business it is to manufacture tobacco or snuff for himself, or who employs others to manufacture tobacco or snuff, whether such manufacture be by cutting, pressing, grinding, crushing or rubbing of any raw or leaf tobacco or preparing raw or leaf tobacco, or manufactured or partially manufactured tobacco or snuff, or the putting up for use or consumption of scraps, waste, clippings, stems or deposits of tobacco resulting from any process of handling tobacco, or by the working or preparation of leaf tobacco, tobacco stems, scraps, clippings, or waste, by sifting, twisting, screening, or any other process, shall be regarded as a manufacturer of tobacco.

"Every person shall also be regarded as a manufacturer of tobacco whose business it is to sell leaf tobacco in quantities less than the original hogshead, case or bale; or who sells directly to consumers, or to persons other than duly registered dealers in leaf tobacco, or to persons who purchase in original packages for export; and all tobacco so sold by such persons shall be regarded as manufactured tobacco; and such manufactured tobacco shall be put up and prepared by such manufacturer in such packages only as the commissioner of internal revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall prescribe. Provided, that farmers and growers of tobacco who sell leaf tobacco of their own growth and raising, shall not be regarded as manufacturers of tobacco; and so much of section 3244 of the revised statutes of the United States and acts amendatory thereof, as are in conflict with this act are hereby repealed."

The language of the bill repealing the McKinley act has been modified to a considerable extent. The House bill provided for the repeal of "all acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith." The Senate sub-committee bill which first reported struck out that language and named the McKinley bill by title, and repealed it outright as well as all acts inconsistent with the present bill. The bill reported to-day provides specifically for the repeal of section 3 of the McKinley act, the reciprocity section, and inserts the following abrogating the treaties made under this section: "All agreements or arrangements made or proclaimed between the United States and foreign governments under the provisions of said section, are hereby abrogated, of which the President shall give such notice to the authorities of said foreign governments as may be required by the terms of such agreements or arrangements."

Sections 15 and 16 of the McKinley law are repealed specifically. These sections provide that the produce of the forests upon the St. John and St. Croix rivers in Maine and their tributaries, may be re-admitted free of duty.

The following section which was inserted in the bill by the Senate subcommittee has been eliminated from the bill, the effect being to leave the Hawaiian treaty in full force and effect:

"That the President of the United States shall immediately upon the passage of this act give notice to the government of the Hawaiian Islands that the United States intends to terminate the treaty of June 3, 1875, made between the United States and His Majesty, the king of the Hawaiian Islands, as provided in the fifth article of said treaty; and it is hereby further enacted that after the expiration of twelve months from the time of giving such notice, the said treaty shall be terminated and its provisions cease to be obligatory upon the contracting parties thereto."

The following provision which was in the Wilson bill and remained in the Senate sub-committee's bill when first reported, has been struck out leaving the present law to remain in force:

"That section 2984 of the revised statutes, amended so as to read as follows:

"Section 2984.—The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized, except as otherwise specially provided in this act, upon production of satisfactory proof to him of the actual injury or destruction in whole or in part of any merchandise from any cause whatsoever, while the same remained in the custody of the officers of the customs in any public or private warehouse under bond, or in the appraisors' stores undergoing appraisal, in pursuance of law or regulations of the Treasury department, or while in transportation under bond from the port of entry to any other port in the United States, or while in the custody of the officers of the customs and not in bond or within the limits of any port of entry, and before the same have been landed under the supervision of the officers of the customs, to abate or refund, as the case may be, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the amount of import duties paid or accruing thereupon and likewise to cancel any warehouse bond or bonds or enter satisfaction thereon in whole or part, as the case may be."

## FOUR CONTESTED SEATS

**Will be Unseated by the Democratic Majority.**

Washington, March 19.—As soon as the sundry civil appropriation bill is disposed of, the House will take up the four contested election cases which are pending—the O'Neil-Joy case, from the 11th Missouri district; the Williams-Settle case, from the 5th North Carolina; the English-Hilborn case, from the 3d California, and the Wheeler-Cobb case, from the 5th Alabama. The O'Neil-Joy and English-Hilborn cases, which were both decided against the sitting members (Republicans) by strict party votes in the committee on elections, are the most important, and will require the major portion of the time. In both these cases the result of the election in November, 1892, was exceedingly close. There were two counts in the O'Neil-Joy election, the re-count giving Joy (Rep.) 67 majority. O'Neil being beaten on the face of the returns, he instituted the contest on the ground that the Missouri election law had not been complied with, it having been shown that some of the Joy ballots had not been numbered and initialed as required by that law.

The case before the committee hinged upon the determination of the question as to whether the Missouri election law in this particular should be regarded as mandatory or simply directory. The members of the committee wavered for some time, but finally decided by a strict party vote that the law was mandatory, and that its technicalities had not been observed. This decision gave the seat to O'Neil (Dem.)

In the English-Hilborn case, the result was also very close, English receiving 13,139 on the face of the returns, against Hilborn's 13,160. English's contest rested on the claim that in one precinct the returns had been manipulated beyond doubt, and his attorneys charged that while Hilborn was not responsible for, he had been the beneficiary of that manipulation. At the close of the case Hilborn's attorneys still claimed his election by one vote, but the Democrats of the committee decided in favor of English.

In the Williams-Settle case, the contestant alleged that the sitting member had been elected by the bulldozing and intimidation of negro voters by the Republicans, but most of the Democrats of the committee refused to sustain his contention. Mr. Woodward (Dem., N. C.), however, dissented from the decision of his colleagues.

In the Westley-Cobb case the committee unanimously decided against the contestant, who was a Populist, and his case can have no standing in the House whatever.

If the contested election cases are disposed of this week, which is hardly probable, as the Republicans will doubtless insist upon the presence of a Democratic quorum to unseat their colleagues, the House will proceed with the consideration of either the military academy or consular and diplomatic appropriation bills.

## IT INVOLVES "SOONERISM."

**An Important Oklahoma Land Case to Come Up.**

Washington, March 19.—An important case growing out of the "sooner-ism" at the Oklahoma opening, will be given a hearing by the Interior department within a short time. The case is Thomas Burch vs. Anton Caha, involving the latter's homestead entry made April 25, 1889, on a section of land on which Oklahoma City is now located. Burch commenced a contest against the entry in May, 1889, alleging that Caha entered the land prior to noon on April 22, of that year, in violation of the act of Congress and the President's proclamation opening the land to settlement.

The local officers recommended the dismissal of the contest, which was sustained on appeal by the general land office. A motion for rehearing was filed with the Secretary of the Interior, since which Caha and many of the witnesses for the defense have been convicted of perjury for testimony given in this case. The defendant alleged that the courts of justice have been unknowingly made the tool of designing persons to affect the disposition of this cause. Twelve other cases are to be determined by the testimony to be taken in this one.

## SECRETARY GRESHAM EXPLAINS

**That England Meant Nothing by Landing at Bluefields Yesterday.**

Washington, March 20.—The President yesterday transmitted to Congress the answer of Secretary Gresham to the resolution offered in the Senate by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, calling for information relative to the recent British occupation of Bluefields.

The letter of Secretary Gresham states that an explicit declaration has been received from the British government that nothing in the way of a protectorate over the Mosquito islands is desired or intended by the British government.

**Senator Colquitt is Very Ill.**

Washington, March 20.—Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, has been taken seriously ill. His throat is specially affected.

## WELLMAN POLAR PARTY.

**Their First Destination is a Far Northern Point in Norway.**

New York, March 16.—Walter Wellman, the famous newspaper correspondent, sailed Wednesday from New York by the steamship Britannic en route for the far North. He is going toward the North pole, and to it if that shall prove possible. There will be in his party three Americans besides himself—Prof. Owen B. French, who comes from the United States coast and geodetic survey, with high reputation as a scientific man and for work in the field in Alaska and the West; Thomas B. Mohun, M. D., who has been in successful practice for some years in Washington, and who

WALTER WELLMAN.

is admirably equipped in learning and experience for the responsible work before him, and Charles C. Dodge, of the Navy Department, a capable photographer and artist. These three young men have been selected from among scores of applicants.

In Norway ten more men join the party—hardy young Norwegians, enthusiastic in exploration as were their ancestors, and a number of them university men devoted to the pursuit of knowledge in the fields of botany, geology and other sciences. A num-

DR. THOMAS B. MOHUN.

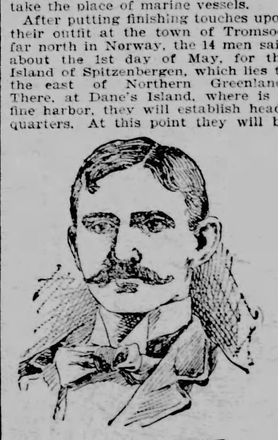
ber of the Norwegians have had experience in the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean as whale and seal hunters, and are adepts in the art of navigation and travel incident to that hazardous calling.

Most Arctic expeditions with which Americans are familiar approach the pole by the way of Smith Sound. Even English have chosen Greenland route for most of their efforts. But the Wellman party does not go that way, strewn with wrecks of ships, bleaching bones and dead hopes. They choose rather that highway to the far North carved out of the ice by the influence of the gulf stream in the Norwegian sea. The same waters

PROF. O. B. FRENCH.

from the South climate, with ports open the year round in latitudes, which, in Greenland, are frozen fast nine or ten months in the year, wash the Western shores of the island of Spitzenbergen and leave them moderately free of ice, except in midwinter. Nor do they plan to reach the North pole in a ship. The vessel has not yet been built that will sail to the pole, or nearer it than 500 miles. Navi-Island of Spitzbergen, which lies to enough to be abandoned till airships take the place of marine vessels.

After putting finishing touches upon their outfit at the town of Tromsoe, far north in Norway, the 14 men sail, about the 1st day of May, for the Island of Spitzenbergen, which lies to the east of Northern Greenland. There, at Dane's Island, where is a fine harbor, they will establish headquarters. At this point they will be



CHARLES C. DODGE.

under the shadow of the eighticth parallel of north latitude, that circle high on the map which many indomitable Arctic explorers have never reached and which but few have passed. For all but the most fortunate or persistent it has marked the limit of progress to the northward. From there they go to Spitzbergen. That is only the half-way house, the point of departure, the stepping-stone to the inner polar region. Though an uninhabited land of wonterful scenery, of romantic and tragic history, of rare sport with ice bear, walrus, reindeer, seal, foxes and birds, they will not tarry on its shores longer than a few days in which to land stores and establish a headquarters station in a comfortable house already standing there. Leaving a couple of trusty men in charge of the station, and with a safe harbor near by for the steamer, they will put on and make an effort to get as near the pole as possible.

## DEATH OF MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE.

**While Talking with Friends and Waiting for Her Husband.**

St. Louis, Mo., March 19.—Mrs. John W. Noble, wife of ex-President Harrison's Secretary of the Interior, died suddenly at her home in this city last evening. The end came to her while standing in her dining room chatting with friends, and waiting for Gen. Noble, who had stepped from the room to call her carriage for a drive. She complained suddenly of dizziness, her maid caught her as she was falling, and before she could be taken to a couch she was dead. The cause of death was organic heart disease, regarding which she had been warned by eminent specialists, and of which disease both her parents died.

**Carpenter Liquor Bill Defeated.**

Des Moines, Ia., March 16.—The Carpenter liquor bill was defeated in the Senate to-day by a vote of 36 to 12. The bill in the house was defeated by a vote of 57 to 43.

**Cash Balance in the Treasury.**

Washington, March 20.—The cash balance in the Treasury at the close of business yesterday was $137,328,001 and the net gold $107,280,576.

BEAUTY AND PURITY

Beauty and Purity
Go hand in hand.
They are the foundation of health and happiness.
Health, because of pure blood;
Happiness, because of clear skin.
Thousands of useful lives have been embittered by distressing humors.
CUTICURA RESOLVENT
Is the greatest of skin purifiers
As well as blood purifiers.
Because of its peculiar action on the pores
It is successful in preventing
And curing all forms of
Skin, Scalp, and Blood humors,
When the usual remedies and even
The best physicians fail.
Entirely vegetable, safe, innocent, and palatable,
It especially appeals to mothers and children,
Because it acts so gently yet effectively
Upon the skin and blood, as well as upon the
Liver, kidneys, and bowels.
Its use during the winter and spring
Insures a clear skin and pure blood,
As well as sound bodily health.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1; OINTMENT, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

Women and Women Only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the preparation of curative washes, solutions, etc., for annoying irritations, chafings, and excoriations of the skin and mucous membrane or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

Like all others of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery.

## COXEY'S ARMY IS ABOUT READY TO START.

**Their Plans of Campaign—Five Miles of Good Road Petitions—To Address the Multitude.**

Massillon, O., March 20.—From present indications the Coxey army will be ready to march from here next Sunday. But few of his followers have arrived thus far, but every day's mail brings letters from various parts of the country saying that companies are being organized and that they will be on hand to join the army. Coxey came to town from his farm yesterday and after reading a number of encouraging letters, he remarked: "Won't things be lively next week by this time? Do you know that this theosophy idea is making a wonderful effect? It is surprising to note how interested an audience becomes when I address them on this subject. This feeling will create harmony and is the only assurance of my success in this new undertaking. I truly believe this movement is the second coming of Christ."

Coxey and Carl Brown, his assistant, say it is ridiculous to think of failure in connection with the movement. They say they cannot fail. They have planned an attack, a retreat and a method of forming a second attack. There will be no disorder.

"The conduct of the army," says Coxey, "will be as the name implies, 'Army of Peace.'"

Extensive preparations are being made at the Coxey farm. A red and green band wagon with a high platform will be used from which to address crowds. In the center there will be a huge red wheel with five miles of good-roads petitions wound on it. At every stopping place the assembled multitude, after addresses by Browne and Coxey, will be invited to clamber up and sign their names. After reaching Washington the five miles of petition will be unloaded on Congress.

There are banners with inscriptions as follows: "Interest-bearing bonds feed on nothing but gold and honest labor;" "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man, but Death to the Shylock of interest on bonds;" "We workingmen want work, not charity; how can we buy at the stores with charity and cast-off old clothes?"

## MAY BE IMPORTANT.

**Was Breckinridge Secretly Married to Miss Wing?**

New York, March 16.—The Evening Post will say: A certificate of the marriage of W. C. P. Breckinridge to Louise R. S. Wing, dated April 29, 1893, was sent to the health department yesterday from the residence in this city of the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, formerly of the West Presbyterian church. It sets forth that Dr. Paxton officiated and that the ceremony was witnessed by Eleanora N. Collier and Mary L. Paxton. It is thought that the document may play an important part in Miss Pollard's suit against Congressman Breckinridge. The congressman was publicly married to Mrs. Wing last July, but since the trial of the present suit, it has been hinted that the defense would prove that there was a former secret marriage which would show that the defendant was not legally in a position to agree to marry Miss Pollard at the time when, according to witnesses for the plaintiff, he did so contract. One of the chief witnesses for the plaintiff, Col. Moore, chief of police of Washington, testified that Col. Breckinridge and Miss Pollard went to his office on May 13, of last year, and that in his presence the congressman declared he would marry Miss Pollard on May 31. Before that time, as is now shown, he was married in this city to his present wife. Under the rules of the bureau of vital statistics marriage certificates should be filed for entry in the books within 30 days, but they may be legally recorded at any time within a year and then formally registered.

## NEW FANGLED COUNTERFEITERS

**Are Said to Have a Private Mint Near Omaha, Neb.**

Omaha, March 20.—Four special treasury secret service detective men, in addition to the regular force employed at division headquarters, and the forces of the United States marshal's office, are working in Omaha and vicinity, to unearth a private mint, which is alleged to have turned out over a half-million standard silver dollars, using the same amount of silver and alloy as the government.

The plant has been in operation for some time, and it is said to be impossible to detect the difference between the money made by the counterfeiters and the the genuine turned out by the federal mints. The profits of the new gang are made from the seigniorage, which is said to go to the makers a rake-off of 50 cents on each dollar made.

## VETERAN JOHN FORD DEAD.

**Manager of the Theater in Which Lincoln Was Shot.**

Baltimore, March 14.—The veteran theatrical manager, John T. Ford, proprietor of Ford's Grand Opera House, died at 6 o'clock this morning. Mr. Ford was attacked with grip about three weeks ago, but within the past week was thought to be convalescent. Mr. Ford was, in point of service, the oldest theatrical manager in this country, having been known in that capacity as early as 1851. He was brought into national prominence in 1865, when manager of Ford's theater, Washington, where President Lincoln was assassinated. He was 65 years of age.

## ACCEPTED BY THE MINERS.

**The Men Return to Work at Cripple Creek.**

Cripple Creek, Col., March 19.—The Independence mine, one of the largest properties here, started up work to-day with a small force on a basis of nine hours for the day shift and eight for the night shifts, the miners to receive $3.25 per shift. This offer was made the men the day they quit work several weeks ago, and it was refused.

## AN ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

**Rutherford Platt Hayes and Miss Mitchell.**

Fremont, O., March 19.—An announcement of the engagement of Rutherford Platt Hayes, of this city, son of the late ex-President R. B. Hayes, and Miss Lucy Platt, of Columbus, half-sister of Gen. Mitchell, has just been made.

**Republican Gains in New Jersey.**

Newark, March 14.—Township elections were held in a number of towns in this state yesterday. Up to midnight the reports received show that the Republicans made a clean sweep. In Tenafly and Ridgefield the citizens' ticket was elected.

**The "Cuckoo" Wins.**

Charleston, S. C., March 15.—Returns from the congressional election have been received from the whole district, except half of Lexington county, and clearly indicate the election of James F. Iselar, Cleveland Democrat, over J. William Stokes, Ocala Democrat.

# Money, Crops, Trade.

## MILD MARCH WEATHER IS STIMULATING TRADE,

**And Gives the Business Outlook in All Branches of Commerce a Pleasant Outlook.**

New York, March 17.—Bradstreet's review of the state of trade to-day says:

"The unusual prolongation of mild, spring-like weather during the early portion of March has greatly stimulated the consumptive demand in almost all staple lines. Corroboration of this is found in the almost unanimous reports of increased sales from six of the larger distributing points in New England and the Middle states, where general trade has heretofore been reported barely steady.

"At Pittsburg, and at Chicago and other iron centers, competition has further reduced prices for shaped, as well as raw iron and steel.

"London wool sales are to close to-day, and takings for the United States are considerable. The stimulated demand for wholesale dry goods results in early over-sale of Ginghams, and prices are 1-4c. higher, although it has taken concessions on some cotton goods to move them. Prices of leading staples at the close of this week and last, indicate similar irregularity—wheat 1c. lower, pork and lard each 25c. less, and cotton is off 1-8c.; Indian corn advanced 3-4c., oats 1-4c., and coffee 1-8c., while the price of sugar is unchanged in Eastern markets.

"Of the movement report of 114,000,000 bushels of wheat in farmers' hands March 1, be added 117,000,000 bushels of wheat out of farmers' hands, the resulting 231,000